December 18, 1973 75¢

Saturday Review World

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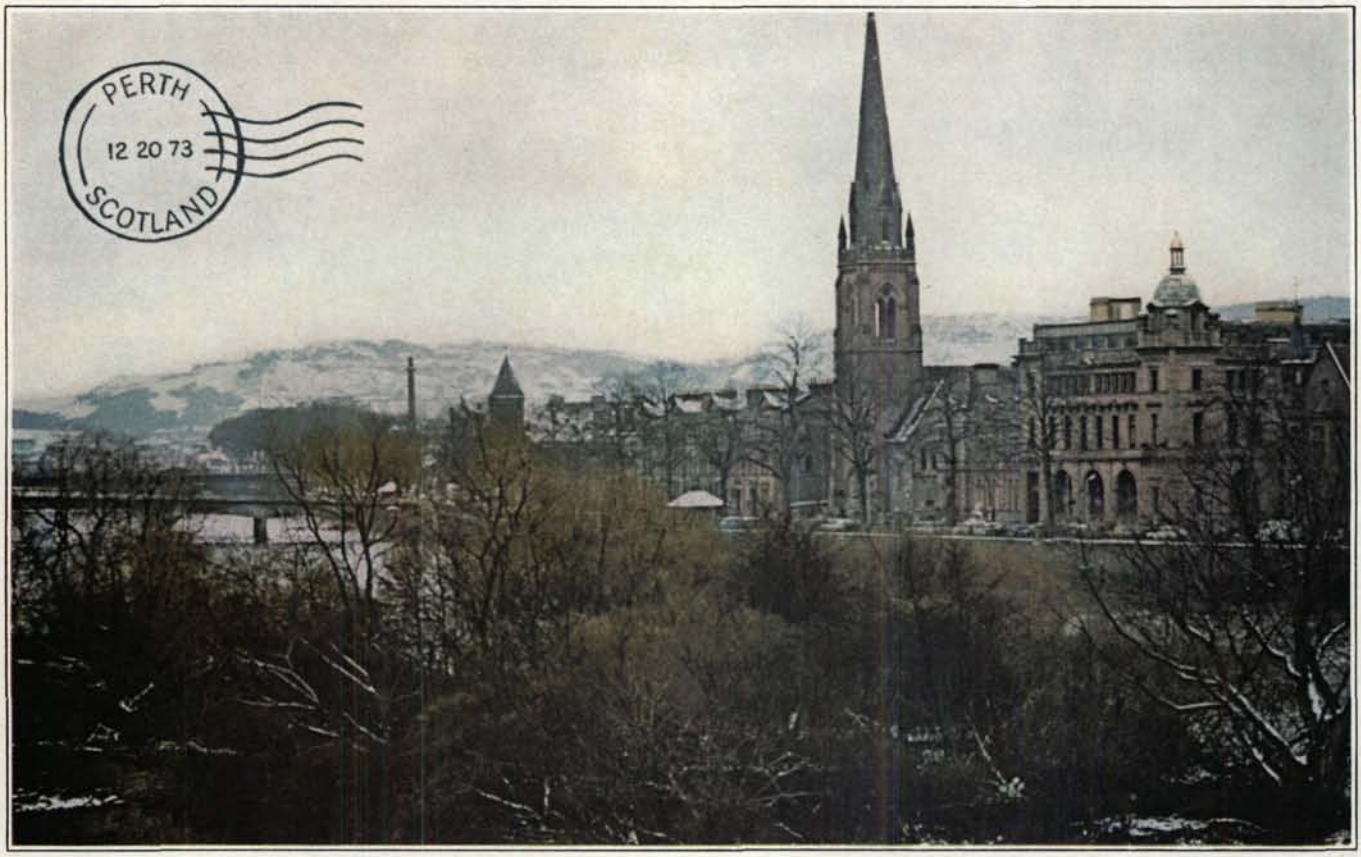

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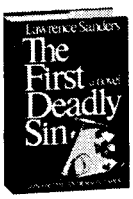

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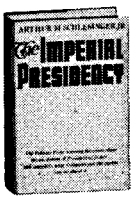

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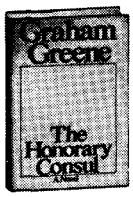

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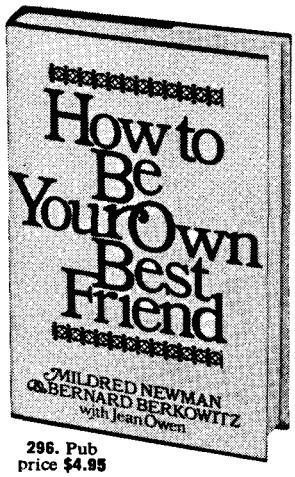

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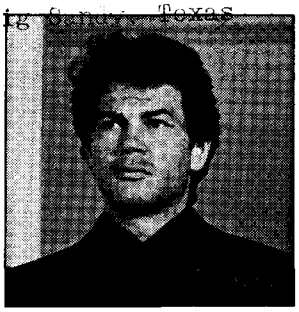

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National Security and Nightmares

We were awakened the other night in Manhattan by an air-raid alert. It went off about 3:30 A.M. At first, the sound was absorbed into our dream-world; then it broke through into the consciousness, and its high-pitched wail made known its message. We lay in bed for a moment, trying to make sense of what was happening. We considered the possibilities—a stalled police car or an ambulance with a jammed siren (not likely: it would be too easy to disconnect the wires); a factory whistle that had gone berserk (improbable: the only industrial plant was a half-mile away, and the sound was coming at us from point-blank range); the accidental activation of the air-alert mechanism (someone could have flipped a switch by mistake, but this possibility waned with the prolongation of the alert).

What was left was the reality of the sound itself and the possibility that it might be the real thing. Assuming that it was, what should I do next? Suddenly I discovered that my memory of what to do in an air raid was hazy. It's been at least two years since I read any instructions on the subject. Was I expected to go immediately into the hallway outside my door and wait? Or was I supposed to make for the basement? I seemed to recall that the self-service elevator had no basement button on the indicator panel. We probably would have to go to the lobby and ask our way.

I switched on the light. It was now 4:10 A.M., and the air-raid siren was still screeching. I turned on the radio and worked the dial, hoping for some news. Four or five disc jockeys were on the air; no one was saying anything about an air raid. I picked up the phone and dialed 911, the police emergency number in New York City. A woman's voice, flat and routinized, asked if she could help me. I told her about the screeching and asked what it meant. She said that 911 did not handle air raids. I asked if anyone else had called about the matter. She said there had been several other calls but they were being referred to a different number, which she gave me.

When I dialed the number, a woman answered and I asked my question again. She said several calls had come in from my area but that she knew nothing about an air raid.

It was now 4:35, and the siren was still wailing. I closed the window, sandwiched my head between two pillows, and tried to get back to sleep. The disturbing question that kept pulsing through my mind was, What if the alert were genuine? Why should I *assume* it was a false alarm? The fact that no one seemed to be paying any attention to it was in itself neither significant nor reassuring. Nothing is more typical of disaster, as the English historian A. L. Rowse has reminded us, than that the people who are caught up in it seldom really know what is happening to them.

One thing was certain: In the event of a real attack on the United States, very few people would know what to do. The switchboard at police emergency headquarters would be swamped by calls. People would try to get the number of the local Office of Civilian Defense; there might or might not be enough lines to handle a fraction of the calls. Most people would probably sit on the edge of the bed, twirling the radio dial, hoping for some information. Some people would throw on robes and head for the basement or the subway or a shelter, if they happened to remember where it was. And if atomic bombs really fell, there would be little difference between those who stayed in bed and those who sought shelter. Even if present shelters could withstand the impact of a megaton bomb, they lack ventilation systems that can cope with raging fire storms overhead.

My dark thoughts along these lines were interrupted by sudden silence. The wailing alert had stopped. It was now 5:50 A.M. I went back to sleep. Two hours later, still sleepy, I decided to find out what had happened. A call to the city desk of *The New York Times* was unproductive. I called the same Civilian Defense number I had phoned earlier. A woman said she had found nothing on her desk or at the board to indicate that anything special had happened during the night. Then she spoke to someone and reported that there had been several calls about a supposed air-raid alert but that there was no backup information on the subject. She suggested that the whole thing might have been imaginary, perhaps a nightmare.

"A collective nightmare?" I asked.

"Stranger things have happened," she said.

When I went down the elevator some minutes later, I ran into several people who were curious about the screeching sound that had persisted for so long during the night.

The American people haven't thought about such things for some years. Instead, men content themselves with absurdities on the subject of national security. They talk about security through superior force, as though it makes any difference whether a nation and its people are consumed in a fire that burns for four days or forty days.

The ultimate questions before America and the world today require informed and sequential thought—always the best antidote to false alarms and nightmares. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

In His Own Right

As much as I enjoyed Stephen Koch's piece ("The Once-Whirling Other World of Andy Warhol," September 25), I am drawn by necessity to clear up a few bits of misinformation. First off, I never went anywhere as Andy's "alter ego," as interesting as that sounds. I already had an established reputation as a published poet long before I began working with Warhol. The absence of any mention of my being a poet I find somewhat conspicuous. In many instances, Mr. Koch shows a flair for the dramatic, but contrary to what is generally thought to be true, I was not "fired" from my position by Andy but found my job systematically liquidated by Paul Morrissey and Fred Hughes.

If only Mr. Koch had made the effort to come to me for the correct information—as I am better equipped than anyone . . . to know what exactly went on during the years (1963–70) I spent working with him—this letter would not have had to be written. Class dismissed.

Gerard Malanga
Great Barrington, Massachusetts

Stephen Koch replies:

"I never went anywhere as Andy's 'alter ego.' " Oh, come now, Gerard Malanga surely knows that in those days he carried the Warhol cachet with him everywhere, that he saw himself—just as everyone else saw him—as the golden boy of the Warhol world. Mr. Malanga was—as he insists in this very letter—Warhol's closest associate, and his name was absolutely associated with that of the man with the silver hair. *That* is an alter ego.

I confess that the only difference I can see between being fired and having one's job "systematically liquidated" is that one agony takes longer. But Malanga means that it was not good, sweet Andy who put the quietus on his Factory career. The blunt fact is that at the end of the Sixties, Gerard Malanga, a glamorous, effervescent, and ingenuous romantic, was pushed out of the Factory by Paul Morrissey, a shrewd, tough, rather crass businessman and commercial film maker. That event was part of a larger pattern, but it could not have taken place without Warhol's active, though perhaps reluctant, consent.

Mr. Malanga is indeed a prolific poet and a remarkable man, whose career is only beginning. Writing *Stargazer* without his help was frustrating and difficult, but at the time I was doing research, he was sojourning in India and, later, in parts unknown. The last sentence of his letter makes it plain that despite his globe-trotting, the snazzy charm that made him famous has not deserted him.

"Stop stirring"

Viva la Corrida!

Good, solid taurine stuff from Roger M. Williams ("The Sun Also Sets—On Bullfighting," September 25)! But where have I heard it before? Ah, yes—from Papa himself, way back in a magazine article of more than forty years ago: Bullfighting is finished, you got here too late, soccer has taken over, you shoulda been here ten years ago. Then in 1959 he falls in love with Ordoñez and *la fiesta brava* again, just as Roger Williams blows his whole argument by recounting that great *corrida* in Segovia this year where his waning *afición* was revitalized.

I've been saying that the *fiesta* has been finished ever since Manolete was done in by Islero, and Arruza, by General Motors. Yet last month I saw a great *faena* (in Tijuana yet) by Manolo Martinez, and I was back there on my feet, screaming *"Olé!"* with the rest of them. Maybe the magic that can be produced by a man and a piece of cloth and a bloodied bovine will always be amongst us, in spite of the tourists and Cleveland Amory.

Barnaby Conrad
Carpinteria, California

Quotation Refuted

I quote from the last paragraph of Ira Mothner's article ("Who's Asking Life-and-Death Questions Today?" September 25): "As Dr. Leon Kass, a fellow of the institute, has stated, 'The first law of technology is: *If it's available, it will be used.*' " I have reason to know, and know without doubt, that Dr. Leon Kass never said any such thing. I defy Mr. Mothner to find it in any of his writings. I know that Dr. Kass has never spoken with Mr. Mothner, been interviewed by him, or even met him. I know also that Mr. Mothner never checked the accuracy of the quotation—assuming, charitably, that he did not invent it but got it from someone else—with its putative author. Shame on him. . . .

Leon R. Kass, M.D.
Annapolis, Maryland

Ira Mothner replies:

Dr. Leon Kass is indeed owed an apology. The quotation attributed to him was

(Continued on page 67.)

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World Progress Report

Black and White Schoolhouse

Some 40 million readers of 220 newspapers in North America and Western Europe are classmates this fall in a novel educational experiment. Along with the comics, horoscopes, advice columns, and assorted news, their newspapers will be running a weekly series of twenty introductory "lectures" in a college-level humanities course entitled America and the Future of Man.

The eminent faculty of journalist-professors includes such stellar academics as sociologist Daniel Bell and historian Oscar Handlin of Harvard, economists E. J. Mishan of the London School of Economics and Henry Wallich of Yale, and ecologist Garrett Hardin of the University of California, Santa Barbara. Each is writing one installment of the newspaper series, which is intended to tempt students to undertake additional study and research on their own.

In addition, 155 colleges and universities have agreed to backstop the course with two classroom sessions and final exams for those who want to earn undergraduate credit for the work. The students use a kit of prescribed materials, including fifty additional lectures and articles, study guides, and self-administered quizzes. Also in the package, for those who like to play around in class, is a board game called Future, in which students can test the implications of social and scientific change. The study kit costs $10, while the colleges add an extension-course fee of $35 or $45.

The project is designed and directed by the University of California, San Diego, under a $96,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, which is funded in turn by Congress. If this first experiment in creating a classroom in newsprint succeeds, the National Endowment plans to follow up with at least two more courses in the field of American studies.

Welcome to Australia

In a reversal of its traditional immigration policy, which has been commonly described and criticized as "whites only" and "racist," Australia's Labor government has opened the door to all comers on an equal basis. Immigration will be limited under the new rules, but the number of newcomers will be decided by Australia's overall population requirements, which, it is promised, will be interpreted without regard to race.

Ironically, it is anticipated that this may well mean a cut in the 10,000 or so Asians who have quietly been admitted to Australia yearly under the previous arbitrary, ad hoc system. But Asians who apply now are promised equal consideration with whites. Moreover, contrary to past policy, the families of immigrant Asians will now be able to come in on government-subsidized tickets previously available only to whites.

In keeping with its new attitude, Australia has also announced that segregated athletic teams will not be allowed to compete in Australia, nor even to use Australia as a stopover on tour.

Strong Medicine

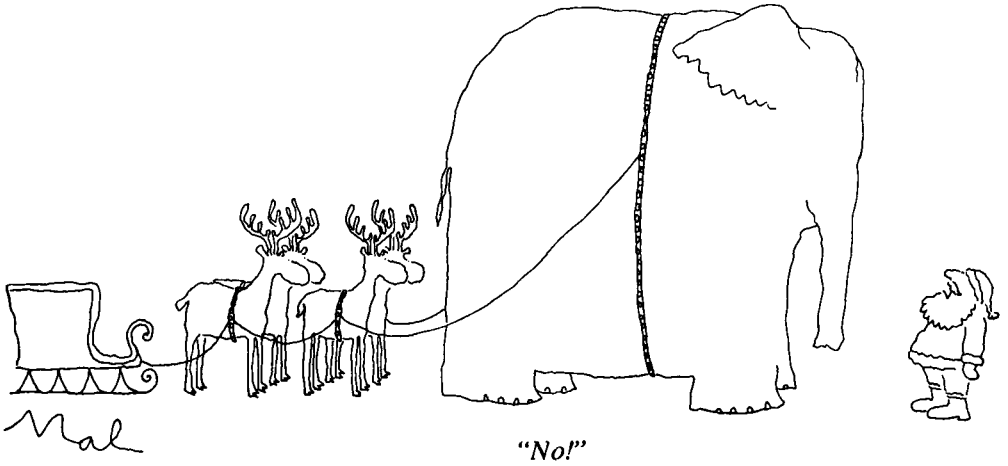
The Republic of Ireland has moved dramatically to end discrimination in health care based on income. Under a new national program to begin next April, unlimited hospital service will be available to everyone at a fixed cost of only $17.50 per year. A companion law will limit any family's bill for drugs and medicines to $10 per month. The existing government health service is available only to the lower economic classes.

Previous attempts to establish a public-health program limited to mothers and children was defeated by the opposition of the conservative Catholic hierarchy, which forced the resignation of the government over the issue. The strongest opposition to the much broader new law has come from doctors' associations, which have claimed that the subsidized care would strain the national budget and swamp Ireland's hospitals with patients. The government, however, anticipates that the subsidy required by the universal health-care scheme will amount to only $14 million a year.

Legal Limit

Like many motorists elsewhere, West German drivers like to belly up to the bar before hitting the *autobahn*. As a result, reports the government, more than 20 percent of all road fatalities since 1961 have been associated with drinking. In 1970 alone the alcohol toll was more than 4000.

Recently, along with other European countries afflicted with a traditionally high tolerance for drunken driving and a correspondingly high accident rate, Germany has moved to keep its tipsy citizens off the roads. A new law imposes heavy fines and license suspensions of three months on motorists whose bloodstreams show signs of high spirits. The new blood-alcohol limit, 33 percent lower than the old, will still permit a driver to have one for the road; for a 150-pound tippler, the new limit translates into a quart of beer or almost a pint of wine. In Germany, presumably, that's sobering.



"No!"

New Stripes

Most rare animals are on the endangered list, the roster of species that are on the way out. But the creature expected next spring at the Prospect Park Zoo in Brooklyn, New York, is a member of a brand-new breed that is on its way in. Conceived through a lonelyhearts liaison between a widower named Lucky Strike and a single lady named Jenny, the offspring has already been christened. The father is a zebra, and the mother is a donkey: The baby will, of course, be called a "zonkey." ANTHONY WOLFF

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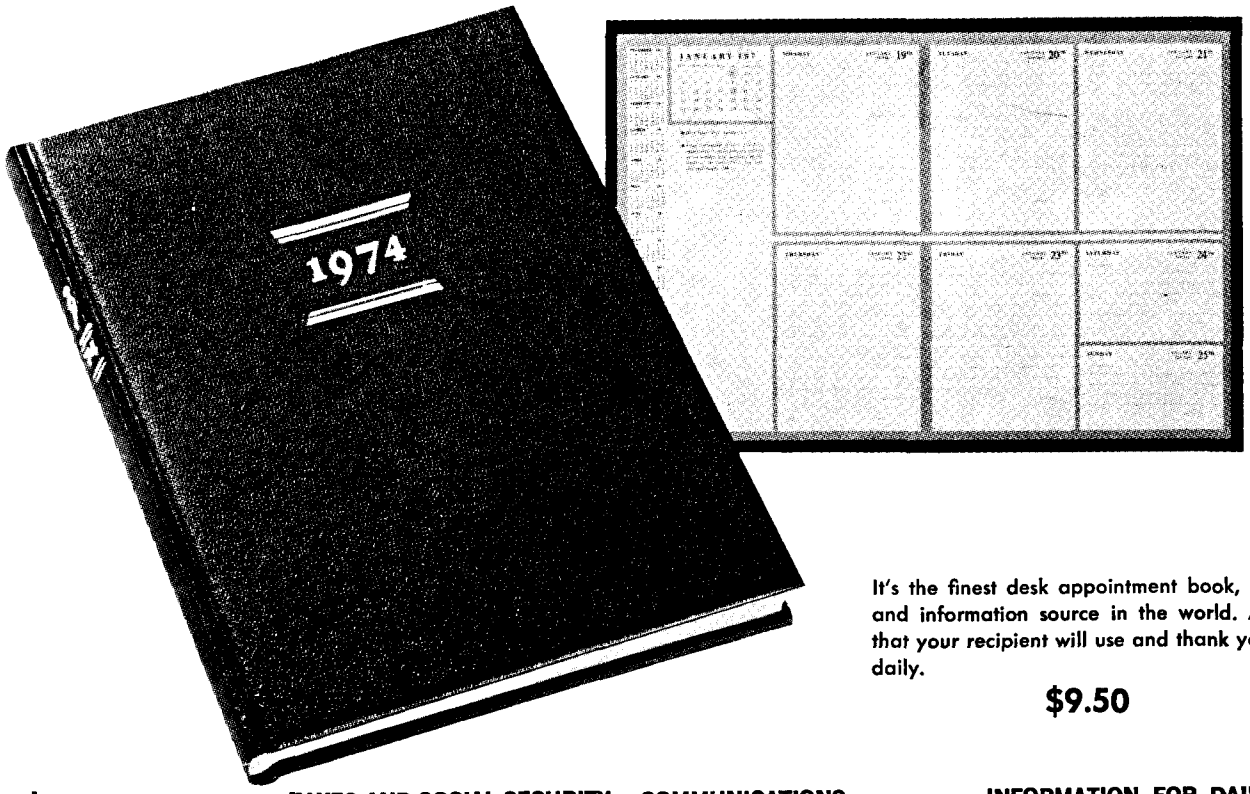

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Top of My Head

By Goodman Ace

God

This is a column written in reverence, and with a consuming realization of His omnipotence.

That was not the original first paragraph of this piece. This morning, six sheets of paper ago, I tore up five different first paragraphs, in which I was attempting to tell about a phone call from Ms. Susan Schiefelbein, one of the bright young editors of this magazine. She asked if I would mind terribly if she changed a line in the copy of an article I had submitted.

I had written that "inner peace can be acquired by meditation and deep communion with God, who has apparently tuned us out." Would I consider ending the sentence on *God*? Omitting the *tuning out*?

She hadn't challenged me in the spirit of a copy editor ordering a change of tense in a verb. It was more like a plea. I pondered it briefly and quickly acquiesced to her sensitivity.

And yet I wondered. I submit the line was written in a dark moment, and I lacked the renowned patience of Job. But I felt no pang of having backslid or of owing any penance. So why am I experiencing such difficulty writing this column explaining a personal conception of God? Why do I feel Susan is standing behind me, looking over my head? Especially since that is what I write from the top of.

I am no latecomer believer. Before reaching my teens, I had made many phantasmagorical attempts to bring some mortal form to the Supreme Being. But I never attained Matthew's visualization: "His countenance was like lightning, His raiment white as snow."

To the mind's eye of this child, He had indeed appeared in a cloud of snow-white raiment, but His countenance was clearly stern and unyielding, eyes piercing into our very hearts, as with a long, white quill pen He busily wrote into the book of records our every good and bad deed.

But that image was often diffused; it wavered. So that I often saw His countenance as that of Mr. Ridgeway, grade-school principal, who walked the grounds at recess, searching for young sinners.

I worshiped God, sang hymns of praise. And yet I wondered. There was fear along with worship and song. Reverence with a dread of the unknown.

To each, in his own mind's eye, an image of the Creator. It's the story of the small boy whose mother found him busy with crayon and paper. She asked what he was doing. He replied he was drawing a picture of God.

"But no one knows what God looks like," she said.

"They will now," said the boy.

Irreverent? I think not. Isn't it Matthew again: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me"?

When I reached manhood, I gave up trying to fill in a countenance, concentrating instead on the graces with which we have invested Him. Compassion, love, forgiveness, mercy, and even miracles. The Big Miracle being that we are still alive on a nuclear earth. Not to mention the Miracle of the Mets.

And yet I wonder. As the years rush speedily by, and I suppose because I get nearer to Him, I feel there should be added to those divine attributes one more. Humor.

Humor has been said to be inherited or to come to anyone who sets his mind to acquiring it. Nonsense. James Thurber didn't begin life by setting his mind to becoming James Thurber. Nor did E. B. White, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley. Their high senses of humor, I firmly believe, were heaven-sent.

And since they were thus generously endowed, it seems reasonable to this humble mind that their Creator possesses a rarefied sense of high humor. How else could He survey this earth and observe some of His children standing in chambers of justice, swearing to tell the truth, so help them God, and then playing the child's game of show and tell? Making a show of truth but telling what is not. To this adult mind, He must have laughed mirthfully up the sleeve of His raiment white as snow.

In a brilliantly written article in *The New York Times*, Richard E. Neustadt, Harvard professor of government, speculated on the qualities he hopes our next President and his staff will have. After detailing several, he ended with, "Voters, I suspect, will shun the secretive types. God willing, they will welcome humor."

I pray to God He wills it so. And yet I wonder, sadly: To whom does God pray? ☐

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The Japanese Ask: What Price Affluence?

Tokyo

So awesome has been Japan's postwar boom—its economy has become, in a single generation, the world's third most powerful—that it is easy to overlook the burdens that affluence has imposed. The Japanese have almost caught up not only with American abundance but with our modern-day problems as well: pollution, inflation, labor unrest, and soaring costs of social services and public investments—in short, all the dis-economies, dis-services, and dis-amenities that we in the United States have discovered are the other side of the coin of industrial growth.

I recently toured this California-sized country of 103 million people, half of whom are crushed together on a mere 2 percent of the land, and came away feeling that American influence is on the wane. That influence has extended from mass consumption of automobiles, television sets, and other electronic gadgets to lifestyles, family relationships, and even a desire to alter one's physical appearance. (A Tokyo reporter, soliciting my opinion on whether the relatively small Japanese are "ecologically more desirable" than Americans, pointed out that since World War II many women here have fed their children protein-rich, U.S.-type diets so they would grow tall.)

The warts on American society are now all too visible for it to continue serving as an unquestioned model for Japan's future. A young management consultant, Toshimasa Kurioshi, told me in Osaka: "We now see that with all their goods and good intentions, Americans are confused and unhappy, while their land is polluted and the benefits of their technology are questioned. Japan will find her own way, develop her own model of the good society." In a quiet potter's workshop in the hills of Kyushu, the southernmost of Japan's main islands, the same sentiments were voiced. Hajime Kozuru, whose skill and artistry are acclaimed as far away as Tokyo, sat sipping tea, surrounded by his drying pots, and pointed down into the valley where the town of Fukuoka lay in a Los Angeles–type haze. "We must retrieve," he said, "some of the wisdom of the past, where men did not work only for money but for their needs, their community, and their own dignity."

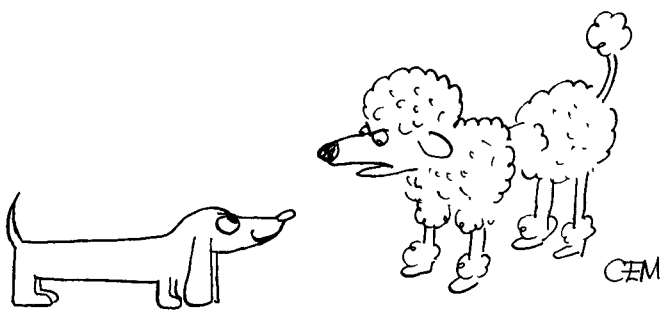
In fact, many Japanese seem to share the view of sociologist Yonosuke Nagai that the sum of unplanned technological developments by private enterprise in the United States has produced such an avalanche of social change that our government is floundering and our institutions disintegrating, while we await some emerging political consensus to provide new direction. Just as in the United States, affluence has brought to Japan satiety and a search for new goals and values. The critical difference between the two countries is that the Japanese "moment in the sun" has been telescoped in time and may not follow the pattern of the leisurely "golden era" of relatively untroubled affluence the United States enjoyed after World War II, culminating in the 1950s and 1960s. During that period, our resource base and land area, together with our relatively small population, enabled us to pursue the goals of industrialization and mass consumption with little concern for our social and environmental costs in the 1970s.

In Japan, however, the crunch has come almost before the mass-consumption stage has been fully realized. Anomalies abound. With freely expendable yen jingling in their pockets, the Japanese find their choice of goods, services, and amenities still limited. They cannot load up on household appliances and furniture because their houses are too cramped to provide room for such trappings of the average American home. The yearning for breathing space and *nisshoken* ("the right to sunshine") in their dense and increasingly high-rise cities finds expression in the proud ownership of *maicar* ("privately owned car") and the weekly exodus from the cities in millions of family Toyotas, Datsuns, and Hondas in search of a little spot of greenery for picnicking and outdoor exercise. As in the United States, the escape in the family auto becomes more difficult as pollution and congestion spread and parks and beaches are engulfed by crowds. One of the few other outlets for Japanese consumers is foreign travel, in which, because of language problems and their unfamiliarity with other countries, they tour in conspicuous groups, creating a new image to rival the "ugly American."

Japan's resource base and land have always been severely limited in relation to population pressures. Nature's revenge came swiftly, and the word *kogai* ("public hazard and environmental disruption") passed into the language. Land prices have soared, followed by those of food and other commodities, while the rising expectations of the good life—titillated by the barrage of consumer advertising—have contributed to general inflation and demands for higher wages. In addition, the Japanese cannot spread out spatially without the utmost care, for fear of using up their precious arable land, already intensively cultivated, and thereby becoming more dependent on undependable supplies of foreign food. Even the carefully conceived decentralization plan of Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka was viewed by many as merely "spreading pollution around." And underlying all these problems is the recurrent headache of having to import almost all of the oil supplies—as well as many of the basic resources—needed to keep Japanese industries operating.

Japan has several advantages in dealing with its new problems and developing a unique social model of its own. Pollution and congestion, contaminated fish and rice, outbreaks of mercury- and cadmium-related poisonings (such as those at Minimata Bay), and respiratory ailments from air pollution in Yokkaichi are producing a sort of "instant feedback" for the public, as well as intellectual ferment in academic circles. A young professor of law in Kyoto, while still afraid of professional disapproval, told me earnestly about the need for "public-interest law" in Japan and the application of the Ralph Nader model

(Continued on page 68.)



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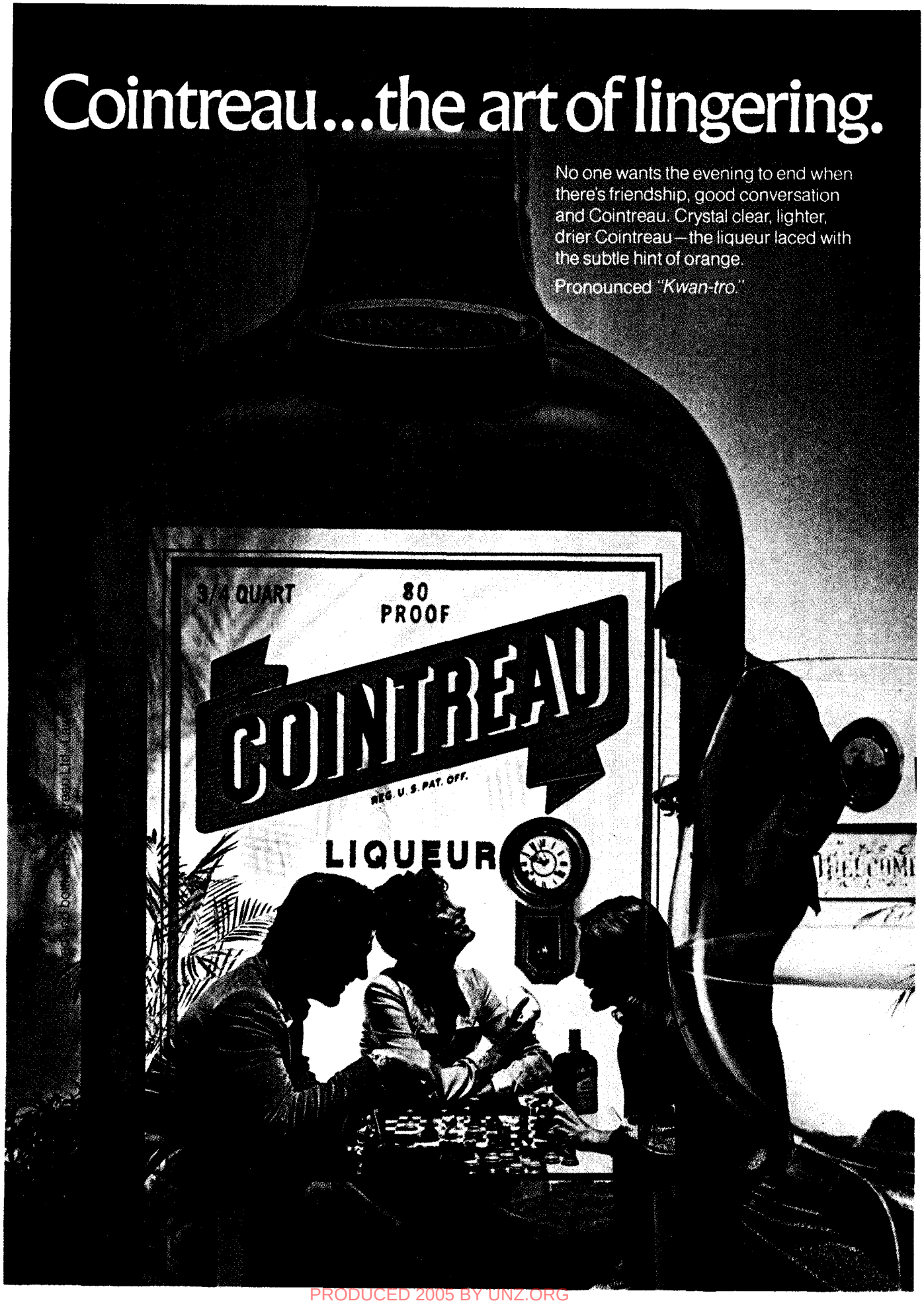

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

In case you haven't done very well in the stock market this year, take heart. Or rather, take dart.

Let us explain. In 1967 the editor of a business magazine, Malcolm Forbes, Jr., together with his publisher, James Dunn, and his editor, James Michaels, decided to try an actual stuck market. On a dart board they pinned the stock quotation pages from *The New York Times*. They each threw ten darts. From the hits, after eliminating preferred stocks—no snobs they—they constructed a portfolio of twenty-eight stocks. An investment of $1000 in each of these stocks would have cost, they figured, not including commission, $28,000.

This year—six years later—Messrs. Forbes, Dunn, and Michaels tabulated their results. Their 1967 portfolio, figured to include splits, mergers, etc., was in 1973 worth $31,910—a gain of 14 percent.

So, you say, what?

Well sir, what, if you please, is just this: For the same period the Dow Jones industrial average was up exactly 5 percent. In other words, the darts had beaten the Dow dead to water—by 9 percent. As for *The Value Line* 1400 Stock Index, in the same six-year period it was *down* 40 percent. So the darts clobbered it—by 54 percent.

Finally, what about mutual funds—those vast portfolio empires that supposedly control the market and equally supposedly are run by the brightest minds in the business? How did the darts do against them? Well, again, sir, the darts did very nicely, thank you—in fact, compared with the average mutual fund, the darts won handily.

THERE IS, it seems, a stern lesson here—for insiders and outsiders alike, for old-timers and first-timers—a lesson not only for the boys in the back room but also for the Big Boys in the Board Room, from the Young Turks of the Harvard Business School to the Tom Terrifics of the trust departments, from those inside wizards of Wall and Broad to those numb and numbered gnomes of Zurich, Saudi Arabia, and the Downtown Club. And the bottom line of the lesson is simple: Throw away your analysts, your figures, and your chart board—get yourself a dart board. As for the rest of us, how about, for our Christmas giving, throwing darts at a list of charities? And if one of your darts happens to hit The Fund for Animals, 140 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, well, remember, you got the tip anonymously. Anonymous giving, we used to say in Boston, is the only true giving.

TRAVEL NOTE—as culled by Evelyn Baird, from the *Post-Crescent* of Appleton-Neenah-Menasha, Wisconsin:

> India has given us many fine arts, including such architectural wonders as the Tashma Hall.

Near, we presume, the old deli.

PERSONAL COLUMN—as found by Mrs. Frances Starzel of Denver, in the Manchester, Vermont, *Journal*:

> Mr. David Binger and his son, Andrew, were in Peru last weekend. No further comment will be made at this time.

Nor, we promise, will any be made here.

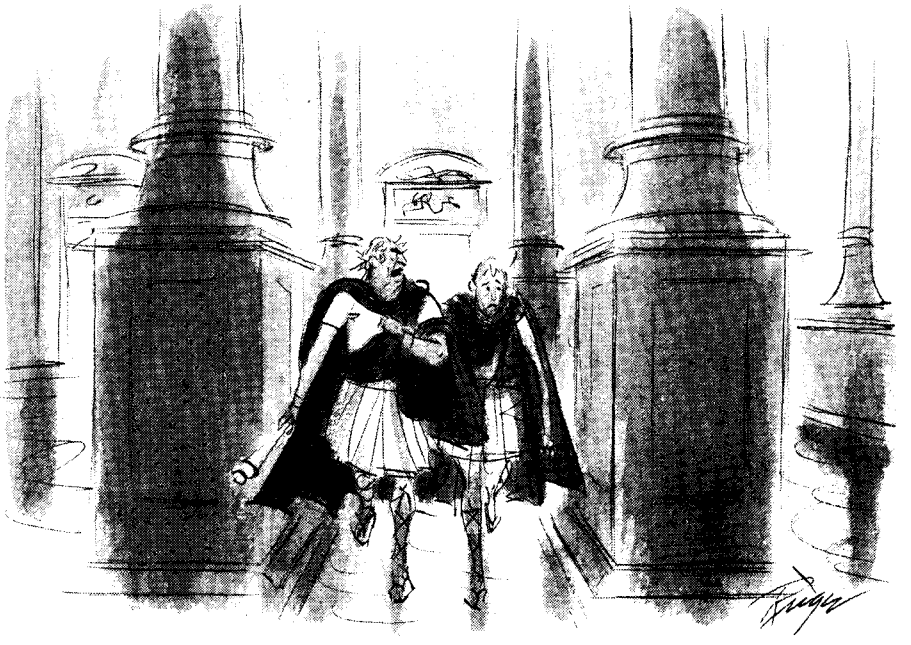
FINALLY, two items from two different sides of the world concern the subject of safe driving. The first was found by Albert Burger, of Alberta, Canada, in *The Edmonton Journal*:

> Johannesburg (AP)—The motorist's explanation was straightforward: "The other had altered his mind, so I had to run over him."
>
> Another driver described his accident this way: "A pedestrian hit me and went under the car."
>
> Yet another conceded that at least some of the blame was his: "I badly misjudged a woman crossing the street."

The second was located by Marvin Karson of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in *The New York Times*:

> A study last year by Dr. Frederick L. McGuire of the University of California, Irvine, concluded that if a person did dicator of his hafint fewer accidents than a driver education not smoke it was better in Force enlisted men, Dr. Mccourse. In a study of 1,400 Air Guire said he had found that those who had taken driver training reported just as many accidents as those who had not. But he said the study had shown that persons with high accidents or traffic violation record were almost three.
>
> Either debilitating effects of accident record times as likely to be heavy smokers than those with a good
> for, he theorized, or there was
> a correlation between c4rbon monoxide
> were a facality smoking and bad driving habits.
>
> "In general," he said, "these personality characteristics which smokers and acciddent-havers tend to have in common fall into two broad categories: those that suggest maladjustment and those that reflect outgoing youth and careless behavior."

And a happy holiday to you, too. □



"When I veto something, I want it to stay vetoed! I didn't veni, vidi, vici just to have a bunch of senators mess up my program."

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What Happened to "America the Beneficent"?

Its food surpluses exhausted and its priorities changing, the United States no longer can act as international good samaritan.

By Stephen S. Rosenfeld

Americans have long thought of food shortages as painful but temporary emergencies that spring up in foreign countries and promptly subside when a long line of ships loaded with our "amber waves of grain" sails into the local harbor, to the enduring gratitude of the local populace. It is time for a new picture of America the beneficent. The world, including the United States, may be entering a period of indefinite, if not permanent, food shortages. Some experts envision hunger, malnutrition, and starvation on a scale never before contemplated. The United States, instead of basking in the gratitude of a hungry world, may soon be cowering under its resentful glare.

Scare talk? Consider this evaluation from Dr. A. H. Boerma, director general of the U. N. Food and Agriculture Organization. "The world food situation in 1973 is more difficult than at any time since the years immediately following the devastation during the Second World War," he said in a report issued in September.

"If the estimates for 1972 are confirmed, this is the first time since the war that world production (including fish) has actually declined. In the face of a constantly growing population, per capita food production in the developing countries as a whole has now fallen back to the level of 1961–65. Even where the situation is less dramatic, many millions must have been added to the large numbers of people already inadequately fed. Food prices have risen almost universally, bringing additional hardship to the poorer consumers who have to spend most of their incomes on food."

Noting that the world wheat stocks are at a twenty-year low, mainly because of massive Soviet purchases, Boerma concluded: "There is little if any margin against the possibility of another widespread harvest failure, and the world has become dangerously dependent on current production and hence on weather conditions."

Norman Borlaug, winner of the Nobel Prize for his work in developing the new strains of wheat and rice that constitute the so-called Green Revolution, now warns of mass famine. "Only a handful of people are aware of just how close we were to having 50 to 60 million people die this year," he said last fall. Roy L. Prosterman, an agricultural development specialist at the University of Washington, likens the famine prospect to that of a huge comet crashing into earth one year hence, "probably killing thirty million or more people and possibly spinning the whole planet out of its orbit."

WHAT HAS BROUGHT ABOUT this anguishing situation? Population growth is a key factor. World population grows by some seventy to seventy-five million people a year, equivalent to the entire population of Bangladesh, and by the year 2000 that rate may double. The most rapid growth occurs in the poorest countries. Growth rates surpassing 3 percent are common in the Third World, while Soviet and American growth rates are approaching zero. India alone adds some 13 million mouths a year; in a dismaying failure of political will, it is cutting back family-planning funds.

An even more voracious "consumer" of food than rising populations is rising affluence. Lester Brown, a former U. S. Agriculture Department expert now with the Overseas Development Council (see page 16), says: "Historically, there was only one important source of growth in world demand for food; there are now two." Affluence makes people want to eat better. The very poor, eating products made directly from grain, consume at subsistence levels about 400 pounds of grain per person a year. But as incomes rise, people start to consume grain indirectly in the form of meat, milk, and eggs, which take much larger amounts of grain to produce. Each American now eats almost a ton of grain a year, only 150 pounds of it directly in the form of breads, pastries, and breakfast cereals. Thus affluence helps precipitate a brutal competition for food between the world's rich and poor.

Ironically, political detente sharpens this competition. The cold war effectively kept the Soviet Union and China out of the world grain market; improved relations with the West have brought them in. In 1972 Soviet grain production fell from 99 million tons the year before to 75 million. Without detente the Kremlin would have bought marginally elsewhere and obliged its citizens to pull in their belts. With detente it bought almost 30 million tons, of which about 20 million came from the United States.

There is no evidence that the Nixon administration conceived of the Soviet wheat and feed-grain purchases as other than a political and economic boon. The purchases suited perfectly the President's larger objectives: his diplomatic effort to build conspicuous links of mutual self-interest with the Russians; his political effort in an election year to harvest the farm vote; and his economic effort to improve the sagging American balance of payments (the Russians laid out $2 billion for their grain). The effect of the Soviet purchases in helping drive up American and world food prices was not quickly perceived.

But the Soviet purchases did something else: They reduced American wheat stocks, which had constituted the world's principal cushion against a local food disaster, to their lowest level in twenty years. Since then the secondary cushion—the 50 million idle acres (of

Stephen S. Rosenfeld is an editorial writer and columnist for The Washington Post.

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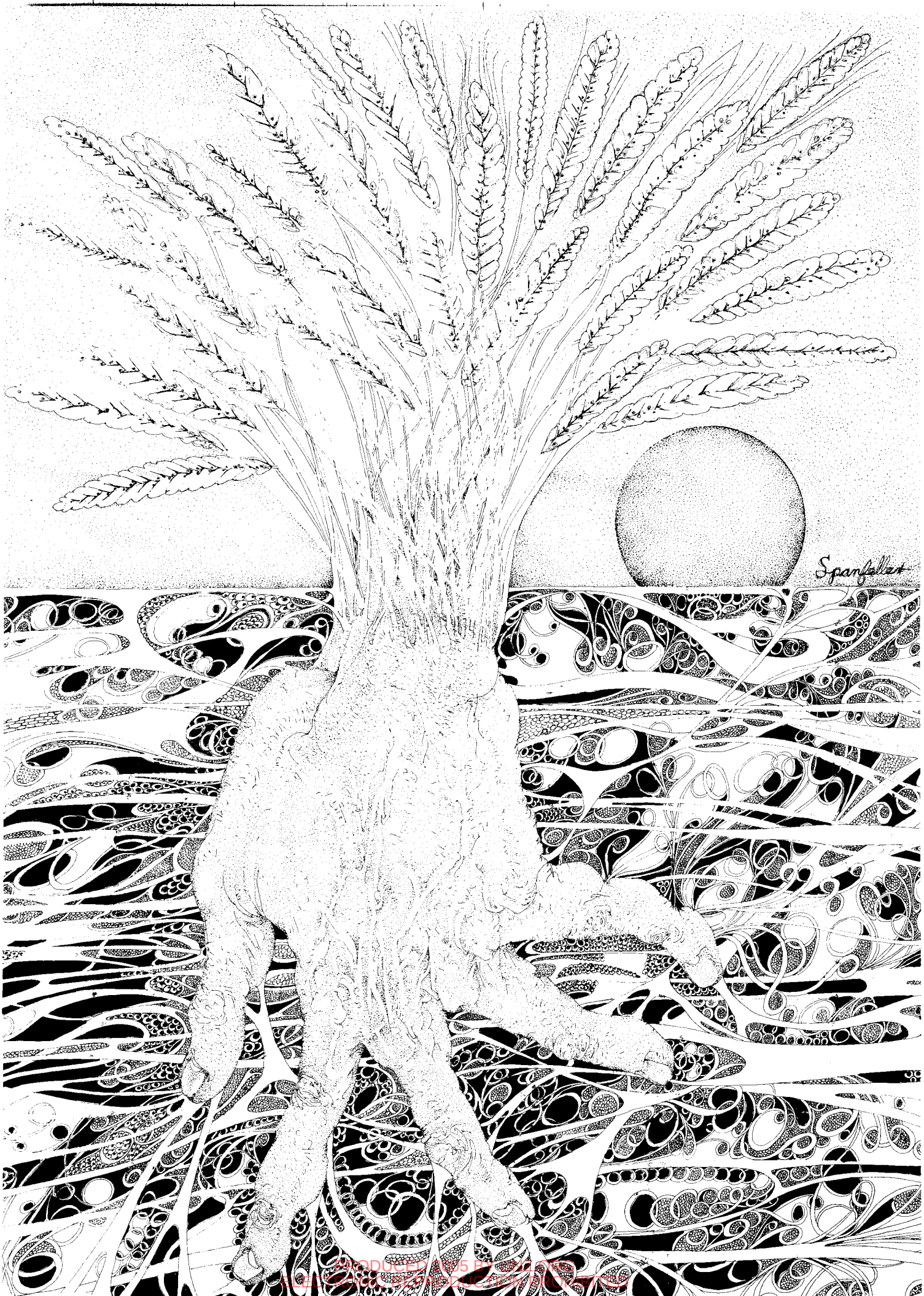

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the 350 million total acres) of American cropland—has also been deflated; that acreage is being brought back into production to serve ever-mounting commercial export demands. It is little wonder that the Soviet-American wheat deal looks less like a contribution to world peace than a conspiracy of selfishness marking off the world's haves from the have-nots.

America's surplus policy has changed drastically. During India's famine of 1966–67, the United States dispatched enough wheat (11 million tons) to feed more than 50 million people—a rescue mission of unprecedented dimensions. But in 1973, during the Sahara drought, the United States found it could pack off only 156,000 tons of food, barely 1 percent of the earlier Indian shipments.

Last July and August, in an ominous precedent, the Department of Agriculture bought no food at all for distribution through Food for Peace, the program under which some 29 billion dollars' worth of surplus American farm products have been donated or sold at easy terms abroad since 1954. (Only nominal amounts have been released for Food for Peace since then.) Much of that program's largesse has always been distributed by voluntary agencies, which can provide food to nations that are otherwise reluctant, for political reasons, to ask for it directly from the American government.

Some poor countries have tried to buy food on the world market, a measure they rarely take (being chronically short of foreign exchange) unless hunger is straining the very fabric of their political and social order. This year India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Mexico, and the Philippines—all countries that have enjoyed the major benefits of the Green Revolution—went to the world market for wheat or rice. It is relevant to note that the export price of American wheat has risen from the level of two dollars a bushel to more than five dollars. "If the supply-demand gap pushes rice prices above $200 a ton," one expert said last spring, "Asia will be on the brink of starvation." The price soon rose above $200 a ton.

WHY CAN'T POOR COUNTRIES grow more food themselves? Some people contend that distribution of American surpluses to these countries in the past might have hurt them by depressing their farm prices and letting them ignore the imperatives of agricultural self-help. Lyndon John-

The End of American Independence

By Lester R. Brown

Throughout its two centuries of existence, the United States has enjoyed an uncommon degree of national independence, in part because two vast oceans have isolated it from political conflicts in Europe and elsewhere and in part because it has been an essentially self-sufficient continental storehouse of energy fuels and raw materials.

Suddenly, this is beginning to change, and very rapidly. As recently as 1970 we were importing only a small fraction of our petroleum and only a few of the important minerals. By 1985 we will be importing well over half of our petroleum and will be primarily dependent on imports for nine of the thirteen basic minerals required by a modern industrial economy. The import bill for energy fuels and minerals, which totaled $8 billion in 1970, is projected to multiply severalfold by 1985. Within a fifteen-year span, scarcely half a generation, we will make the transition from being an essentially self-sufficient country to—at least in terms of raw materials—a have-not country. We do not yet appreciate the economic, social, and political consequences of this historically abrupt transition.

One new problem is the question of access to these raw materials abroad. We have always assumed that once our own supply of a given raw material was exhausted, we could move into the world market and buy whatever we needed. We now find that this assumption is not universally shared.

The world energy market has been transformed within a few years from a buyer's to a seller's market. We have seen the exporting countries organize to bargain collectively, and do so very effectively. The first round of negotiations centered on the price and the share of proceeds from exports that went to exporting countries. The second round focused on control of the subsidiaries of international oil companies in the exporting countries; those negotiations were concluded by an agreement signed in September 1972.

The ink was scarcely dry before a possible new phase in the negotiating strategy of the exporting countries was unveiled, in a speech given in Washington by Sheik Ahmed Yamani, Saudi Arabia's minister of petroleum. It was summed up in one sentence, in which Sheik Yamani said, "The government of Saudi Arabia is prepared to guarantee an uninterrupted flow of petroleum to the United States in exchange for the opportunity to invest in petroleum refining and distributing facilities down to the service-station level."

We have little choice but to take the proposal seriously. Since several oil-rich nations have few people and little domestic use for additional income at the present time, they may be unwilling to expand their production in response to U.S. needs unless they can find something "interesting" and profitable to do with the additional income.

IF THERE EVER was a sector of our economy that seemed invulnerable, it was the capacity of U.S. agriculture to provide an adequate supply of low-cost food to American consumers.

But the skyrocketing food prices of 1973 have made us aware for the first time that this may not always be the case. Like it or not, this year we are sharing a decreased food supply with 248 million Soviet consumers. We have no real choice but to do so. Some political leaders have suggested that we limit our food exports in order to keep prices down at home. However, anyone who proposes severe limits on U.S. farm exports must also be prepared for a rigorous program of gasoline rationing, for it is with expanding farm exports that we are hoping to pay the rapidly rising energy bill.

Global food supplies may fall short of demand with increasing frequency in the decades ahead, with the result that international prices of food commodities can be expected to continue rising over the long term. The United States will not be able to isolate itself from such trends.

Our efforts to expand the world food supply, particularly the supply of high-quality protein, are hampered in three important areas. One is world fisheries. Beginning in 1950 the world fish catch increased for eighteen consecutive years, expanding an average of about 6

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percent each year. But in 1969, for the first time in nearly two decades the world's fish catch dropped, and since then it has been fluctuating unpredictably. Many marine biologists now feel that the global catch of table-grade fish (as distinct from fish meal for poultry and pig feed) may be very close to the maximum sustainable level. Unless we move toward a cooperative global approach in the management of our finite marine resources, we can expect depleted stocks, declining catch, soaring food prices, and intense competition among countries for available supplies in the years ahead. And the added pressures on land-based protein sources that would result from a falloff in fish production would drive up food prices even further.

A second problem area is beef production. Part of the problem here is that the carrying capacities of grazing lands around the world are limited and in many cases fully utilized. More importantly, we have not been able to devise a commercially satisfactory way of getting more than one calf per cow per year. For every animal that goes into the production process, we must maintain one adult animal for one year.

The third area in which we have not been successful is in raising soybean yield per acre. Soybeans are an extremely important global source of high-quality protein, but since 1950 soybean yields in the United States have increased only about 1 percent a year (compared with 4 percent a year for corn). To my knowledge, no experts expect any sort of breakthrough in the foreseeable future. The crucial role of soybeans as a global protein source and the additional economic importance of soybeans to the United States are underlined by the fact that soybeans constituted our greatest single export item in dollar value in 1972.

As world demand for meat products continues to rise, prices for protein products can be expected to rise as well. We may be in the early stages of a transformation of the world protein market from a buyer's to a seller's market, not unlike the recent transformation of the world energy market.

One of the questions that is coming into focus as we face growing scarcity of resources of many kinds is how to divide finite resources among countries. In the international development community, the conventional wisdom has been that the 2 billion people living in poor countries could never aspire to the standard of living that most of us in North America enjoy, simply because the world does not contain enough iron ore, protein, petroleum, and so on. At the same time, we in the United States have continued to pursue superaffluence as though there were no limits on how much we could consume; one car per family, or two, or three—at least one TV set or, perhaps, two or three. We make up 6 percent of the world's people; yet we consume one-third of the world's resources.

As long as the resources we consumed each year came primarily from within our own boundaries, this was largely an internal matter. But as our resources come more and more from the outside world, "outsiders" are going to have some say over the rate at which and terms under which we consume. We will no longer be able to think in terms of "our" resources and "their" resources, but only of *common* resources. Everyone now wants to use the energy resources in the Middle East, or the protein from oceanic fisheries, or the soybeans that we produce.

As Americans consuming such a disproportionate share of the world's resources, we have to question whether or not we can continue our pursuit of superaffluence in a world of scarcity. We are now reaching the point where we must carefully examine the presumed link between our level of well-being and the level of material goods consumed. In the early stages of society's consumption, the two were closely related. If you have only one crust of bread and get another crust of bread, your well-being is greatly enhanced. But if you have a loaf of bread, then an additional crust of bread doesn't make that much difference. In the eyes of most of the world today, Americans have their loaf of bread and are asking for still more. People elsewhere are beginning to ask why. That is the question we're going to have to answer, whether we're trying to persuade countries to step up their exports of oil to us or trying to convince them that we ought to be permitted to maintain our share of the world fish catch.

The prospect of a scarcity of, and competition for, the world's resources requires that we re-examine our own lifestyles. The technologies underlying our economic system evolved in a situation of relative abundance of energy, water, land, food minerals, and other resources. Now we need to find ways of cutting back on resource consumption. In most cases we can do so without necessarily reducing our level of well-being. For example, we could reduce the size of automobiles from 4500-5000 pounds to 2500 pounds without seriously reducing our well-being. Such a step would automatically strengthen the dollar, reduce our political vulnerability in the Middle East, and cut air pollution. Our overall mobility would be increased since adoption of smaller cars would, in effect, increase parking facilities by half.

It is ironic that as we Americans prepare to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of our national independence, we discover that we are losing much of that independence. We see that our important national problems—the environmental crisis, the energy crisis, inflation, spreading drug addiction, aerial hijacking—do not have national solutions. Increasingly we find that our day-to-day well-being is dependent on the resources and cooperation of other countries. We can no longer protect the value of our currency without the assistance of other governments. Even our daily weather may be influenced by activities beyond our boundaries.

For the United States this means rethinking the way in which we relate to the rest of the world. It means a major reordering of national priorities. A foreign-affairs budget of nearly $85 billion —of which $82 billion is for military expenditures and $3 billion for economic, food, and technical assistance— does not reflect a genuine sense of concern for the problems of the rest of mankind. Declining U.S. economic assistance, trade policies that discriminate against the poor countries, and a military budget bloated out of all proportion to national security needs have alienated and embittered many of the poor countries on whose resources and cooperation our future well-being depends. We cannot expect people in these countries to concern themselves with our worsening energy and food shortages or spreading drug addiction unless we demonstrate some concern for the hunger, illiteracy, and disease that are diminishing life for them. □

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son attempted to remedy this situation in the 1960s by his "short tether" policy, in which food was doled out to India practically ship by ship, in order to induce agricultural reforms. But this policy produced deep political exasperation and only questionable results in terms of reform. Probably more important for reform was the quiet decision by the United States to lift its ban on helping other countries produce commodities in which there are world surpluses. This profoundly cynical ban had been imposed in order to limit competition with American farm exports. Its abolition opened the way for export of the self-help program of technology and financial incentives known as the Green Revolution.

Norman Borlaug's 1970 Nobel Peace Prize citation credited him with a "technological breakthrough that makes it possible to abolish hunger in the developing countries in the course of a few years."

Some observers, meanwhile, held that the Green Revolution could only buy time and that population control was the only real solution. Even so, the time has seldom been well used. The Green Revolution requires large amounts of money for irrigation, fertilizers, credits, and price supports, as well as large amounts of political attention to the discrepancies it creates between farmers who exploit it and those who don't. Money and political resourcefulness are in short supply. But the demand for food grows relentlessly.

It is widely recognized that the cheapest agricultural gains to be made in the world can and should be made in the hungry countries themselves. Lester Brown estimates that a country like Brazil could double its cultivated area for cereal production and that Bangladesh has the natural resources (although presently not the economic or political resources) to quadruple its rice production. A major stress on agriculture is now, belatedly, part of all important development programs, from AID's to the World Bank's.

Some experts regard the current tightness of the world's food supply as the

Anyone for Burger Builder?

In a world where grain accounts for 50 percent of the global protein supply and hunger shadows half the population, a simple equation has long nagged top food company executives and influenced research commitments. For every pound of beef protein produced from an acre of soybeans, food processors could turn out ten pounds of high-protein foods.

In the mid-Sixties, soy foods began emerging from laboratories, and betting ran strong that this twentieth-century alchemy would be put to use first in underdeveloped countries, where it was needed most. In Washington the Agency for International Development was coaxing scores of new high-protein foods out of U.S. processors. Scientists saw the soybean as a remedy for hunger here and abroad, as well as a source of low-cholesterol foods for the overfed affluent.

But it was all a mirage. Soy foods fell short of their potential for a bushel of reasons. In the United States, laboratory soy achievements were shelved by marketers, who chanted what was conventional food-industry wisdom until the late Sixties: "You can't sell nutrition." Convenience was the catchword of an affluent market, and it was imbued with all the old-fashioned virtues. "Nothin' spells lovin' like something from the oven," crooned Pillsbury of its convenience mixes at the same time it was researching soy beverages for AID.

Now, however, protein suddenly looks just as marketable as convenience. Nearly every major food company is test-marketing or rushing out some inexpensive soy food or meat extender. A whole crop of the new foods will sprout on supermarket shelves by next spring.

There is Burger Builder, a forty-nine–cent package of textured soy protein (TSP) that will extend four pounds of ground beef by 33 percent, from General Mills; Protein-ettes, thirty-nine–cent packets of ham- or beef-flavored TSP substitutes for a pound or so of the real thing, from the Creamette Co.; soy-fortified macaroni and noodles, from Gooch Foods, a division of Archer Daniels Midland Co.; Crispits, corn- and potato-flavored chips that are 20 percent protein, from Ralston Purina Co.; Morningstar ersatz sausages and ham slices at seventy-nine cents a half pound, from Miles Laboratories, Inc., the huckster of Alka Seltzer.

Nutritionally, soy foods rival a sirloin steak or milk in high-quality protein; like meat, they average 18 to 20 percent protein. Soy is a pale, creamy legume that contains 44 percent protein in its natural state and reaches a 50- to 90-percent protein concentration after its valuable oils have been crushed out.

U.S. food companies doubled their 1972 soy-production capacity by October 1973, but even if soy-processing plants run round the clock, the consumer can expect no immediate help when meat prices resume their upward spiral. Only an estimated 1.5 percent of the 1973 U.S. soybean crop was processed for human consumption; the rest was used for animal foods. But by 1980, the U.S. Department of Agriculture projections indicate, soy substitutes will make up 1 to 20 percent of the total U.S. "me supply"—a $1.5 to $2 billion market.

As recently as last spring, soy w. only a closet success, surreptitious spooned into convenience foods and T dinners to masquerade as expensiv meats and chicken. In 1971 the USD approved soy extenders for school lunc programs. There were occasional snac or convenience items like General Mill Bac*Os, which resemble bits of frie bacon. But only health-food shoppe sampled the panoply of soy foods mac by such pioneers as Worthington Fooc (now a Miles Labs subsidiary) an Loma Linda Foods, both, like the drie cereal industry, founded by Seventh Da Adventists.

Then, last March 10, with meat price clearly out of hand, General Mills waril tested Burger II—ground beef extende with 25 percent bland, expanded soybea flour—through a Minneapolis foo chain, pricing it twenty cents a poun below regular ground beef. In the nin months since, an estimated 75 percer of U.S. supermarkets have introduce similar blends of meat and textured soy

Many TSP foods are haunted by faint beany aroma and taste, which i often masked with excessive salt. Othe are astonishing flavor and texture dupl cates but founder on their test-tube co ors. Some superbly flavored "ham" grar ules look unnervingly like crumblec prawn-pink erasers until disguised in sauce or mayonnaise.

Food researchers overcame most prob lems that plagued TSP a decade ag when they developed food analogue spun out of tasteless, odorless—and con

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result mainly of bad weather—not of the "new" factors of supply and demand described above. It was bad weather that reduced the Soviet grain crop by 25 percent last year and brought on the U.S.-Soviet wheat deal. Many U.S. Department of Agriculture officials take the view that good weather will make things right again and thereby feed the world. If this view is correct, governments will not have to take special steps—in fact, if they do, the Agriculture Department notes, they may risk being stuck with large, costly, unsalable surpluses.

Is it, then, possible today for rich countries to help feed the poor? The tradition of American food aid is rooted in our image as the land of the "fruited plain" and goes back at least as far as the massive relief project that Herbert Hoover mounted for Russia's benefit in the 1920s. Since World War II, food aid has been a significant element in American foreign policy, regarded as a way both to win friends and to serve development in these countries, while keeping popular discontent within politically manageable bounds. These foreign-policy goals, however, have always been secondary to the primary domestic purpose of supporting farm income by providing a market for surpluses. And now that commercial exports sop up almost all our excess production, there is far less political pressure to keep food flowing to hungry countries without a cash return.

Senate Agriculture and Forestry Committee Chairman Herman Talmadge told me, for instance, that "this country has done its share and is continuing its responsibilities" in food aid. House Agriculture Committee Chairman W. R. Poage added that Food for Peace represents "a drain on American dollars" and should be treated as just another kind of foreign aid, "like medicine or printing presses." Food for Peace, said Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, "is no longer primarily a surplus-disposal program. It's for humanitarian purposes and for national security—to help infuse purchasing power into countries on our defense perimeter. South Vietnam is a case in point." Indeed, even before the surpluses that had gone into Food for Peace vanished, most of the supplies were going to South Vietnam and to other countries regarded in varying degrees as segments of the American "defense perimeter": South Korea, Israel, Pakistan, and Indonesia. "Food for Peace was based on the ethnocentric idea that we could pacify the world by food," a State Department official told me in the new spirit of retrenchment pervading Washington. "Now our thinking is that feeding the world is an international problem, maybe one for the United Nations. The worst thing we could do for a country would be to put it on a permanent dole. That would just give it the excuse to avoid solving its own problems, especially population." Butz dismisses the prospect of famine: "In the short run, no. In the long run, maybe. They've got to get their populations under control."

The FAO's Dr. Boerma also believes that "feeding the world is an international problem." He is pressing for the establishment of a so-called world food bank, where "deposits" could be made in good times and food could be withdrawn by countries in need. So far the Nixon administration has shown scant interest. With a tight federal budget, the administration has little enthusiasm for buying food at high prices from American farmers to distribute through a world bank, when the same food could be sold.

Former Secretary of State William Rogers proposed at one point "an overall review of U.S. food-production policy in relation to its effects on our assistance to the less developed countries." But the proposal got nowhere. My impression is that the new secretary of state, Henry Kissinger, has more interest in the idea and more clout within the federal establishment, but putting it into effect will be a long, tough haul.

George McGovern, a farm-state politician and a former Food for Peace administrator, told the Senate not long ago:

> We have chosen commercial sales of wheat to the Soviet Union over guarantees of an adequate diet for those impoverished Americans who subsist on surplus commodities. We have chosen, at least indirectly, to feed American livestock—in support of our taste for meat over grain—instead of meeting desperate human needs in West Africa, South Asia, and elsewhere. We are forced to such results because we simply have no policy for choosing which needs to fill and which to ignore when we cannot fill them all.

There is much to be said for McGovern's critique. We are used to living in conditions of a surplus of natural resources, and we are unprepared politically and morally to adjust to conditions of scarcity. Only now are we beginning to grasp the dimensions of our new dilemma. A vast amount of education and exploration of the issues must still be done. There must be an infusion of responsible political leadership too.

"The politics practiced by America with regard to food require very special attention, because food means life, because we are well supplied with food, and because others are less so," the Federation of American Scientists has observed. "But, in addition, we should keep in mind that food is not the only world necessity. We are faced with the possibility of worldwide shortages of other substances, for many of which we are eager buyers—sources of energy are just one current example. We use enormously more of the world's resources than our population size would suggest. Thus, we are potentially as vulnerable to the politics of scarcity as any country on earth. In our handling of food we should be particularly careful to 'do unto others as we would be done to.' " □

iderably more expensive—*isolated* soy protein. However, the high costs of production and consumer-market development relegated isolated soy protein (ISP) foods to functional, rather than nutritional, uses. They have been used almost entirely as convenience-food enhancers: bite-size "chicken" chunks, "mushroom" bits—even "blueberries."

With the approaching world protein shortage, soy experts such as Dwayne O. Andreas, chairman of Archer Daniels Midland Co., the $675-million Decatur, Illinois, grain firm, decided that the less expensive *textured* soy protein was the answer. In the late Sixties, Andreas ordered the expansion of ADM's facilities to process TSP. Now ADM has TSP plants on the way in Great Britain and Australia and plants in the talking stages in Yugoslavia and in Brazil—all of which are planned to quadruple its already huge soy acreage. General Mills has launched a joint TSP venture with Japan's Takeda Chemicals. Companies in South Africa, England, Germany, and Belgium are also committed to soy foods.

To assess development of the venerable legume known in the Orient for forty centuries as "the chicken without bones," scientists met in Munich last month for a world soy-protein conference, sponsored by the American Soybean Association. Some experts saw soy enhancing an affluent way of life but sadly questioned how far this planet's supply of soy can stretch to feed the world's poor. The bitter truth is that the hungry may be priced out of soy foods just as they have been priced out of other high-quality proteins.

GERALDINE PLUENNEKE

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Stay of Execution

A noted columnist's account of his ongoing battle with "smoldering" leukemia—and his reflections on death.

By Stewart Alsop

One thing I discovered in those first ten days at NIH: A man can't be afraid all the time. No doubt if you were told that you were to die in three hours, you would spend those three hours being afraid of death. But when death is due to occur at some time in the fairly near but indefinite future—in a few months, or a year, or two years, or maybe even later—it is possible to forget about death for many hours at a time.

I suppose I first read the Latin tag scribbled in my notebook—"*Horribilis mors perturbat me*"—in about Third Form year at Groton, where I went to school in the Endicott Peabody era, when much Latin was compulsory. I remember thinking that "perturbed" seemed a rather mild reaction to "horrible death." But it turned out to be, as I also scribbled, "the right word." Not that I wasn't afraid. I was, and I hated the idea of dying soon. But after the initial shock of being told that I had a lethal and inoperable cancer, the protective mechanism took over, so that for the most part I was perturbed—upset, worried—rather than terrified.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" was another phrase I scribbled in my notebook." I thought the words were from the Bible, until I looked up the phrase in Bartlett's and found it was Laurence Sterne's. I had a "sudden visual picture"—of myself as the shorn lamb, naked to the cold wind, and the wind dying down as a mysterious protective mechanism took over, rendering the intolerable tolerable.

"Amazing how nice almost everybody is." A lot of the nurses wore on their shirt fronts those yellow plastic buttons with the outline of a fatuous grin, and almost all of them tried hard to cheer up their sure-to-die patients. Ward 13E, I discovered later, is not a popular ward with the nurses, and it is hard to keep it fully staffed. Taking care of leukemics is a lot of work. They have needles in their arms a good deal of the time, for chemotherapy or antibiotics or transfusions, and the needles are always getting clogged up or coming unstuck. They require a lot of care in other ways, especially the patients in the laminar flow rooms. But there is another reason 13E was unpopular. As one young nurse remarked to me, "Gee, this ward is just so *depressing*." So it is, but almost all the nurses did their very best to seem briskly cheerful.

The patients, for the most part, felt too horrible to be very genial. Some had just completed chemotherapy and were in the early stages of "remission." They looked deathly ill, with yellow-bronze parchment faces and wispy hair. But they too made an effort at cheerfulness, or at least at concealing despair. The word *cancer* was hardly ever mentioned, and the word *death*, never.

"Remission of sins"—the phrase tantalized my memory for several days. The phrase was suggested, of course, by the "remission," alas temporary, that with luck followed a session of chemotherapy. I couldn't remember the rest of it, or where it came from. Finally, my wife, Tish, supplied the rest: "remission of sins, resurrection of the dead, and the life everlasting." From the Credo, of course. . . .

Tish, thank God, could spend a lot of time with me. She asked me whether I wanted Nicky and Andrew, the youngest of our six children, to visit me in the hospital, and I said I didn't. There is something demeaning about being in pajamas in daylight, in a hospital bed, hooked up to an IV [intravenous feeding apparatus], surrounded by nurses and sick people, and I didn't want my children to see me demeaned.

At NIH, saving the individual patient

"At about 9:30 on the morning of July 19, 1971, I suddenly knew there was something terribly wrong with me. . . . I was gasping like a fish, and I could hear my heart pounding furiously." For Stewart Alsop, the noted political columnist, this was a fearful introduction to a fearful disease: leukemia. Alsop, fifty-seven and reasonably physically fit, entered Washington's National Institutes of Health. There he underwent relentless testing, as his doctors struggled to determine precisely which form of the blood disease was attacking him. His disease stubbornly refused to behave like classic leukemia, and after many months the NIH doctors finally settled on a diagnosis of "smoldering" leukemia, an extremely rare form of the disease.

The erratic progress of Alsop's case has kept him away from two leukemia treatments he understandably dreads: chemotherapy, which uses powerful chemicals to expunge the malignant cells but leads to "certain . . . death"; and the laminar flow room, a kind of isolation chamber where "doctors and nurses treated [the patient] through a transparent plastic wall and everything was sterilized" ("Can you sterilize martinis?" Alsop asked). Because his disease is so unusual, his prospects for survival are unpredictable. The chief dangers are runaway infections resulting from his low "blood counts," and a lethal "fulmination" of the malignant cells of his marrow. Meanwhile, he continues to write his column and even to play tennis, thanks to twice-a-week transfusions at NIH.

Stewart Alsop has lived for two-and-one-half years in varying states of depression, resignation, contentment, even happiness. For a long while, he kept a diary of his days at NIH. He has turned the diary entries, together with his recollections and his personal, at times philosophical, observations, into a warm and compelling book, *Stay of Execution*. The following passages are excerpted from the book, which will be published in December. THE EDITORS

Excerpted from *Stay of Execution* by Stewart Alsop, published by J. B. Lippincott Company. © 1973 by J. B. Lippincott Company.

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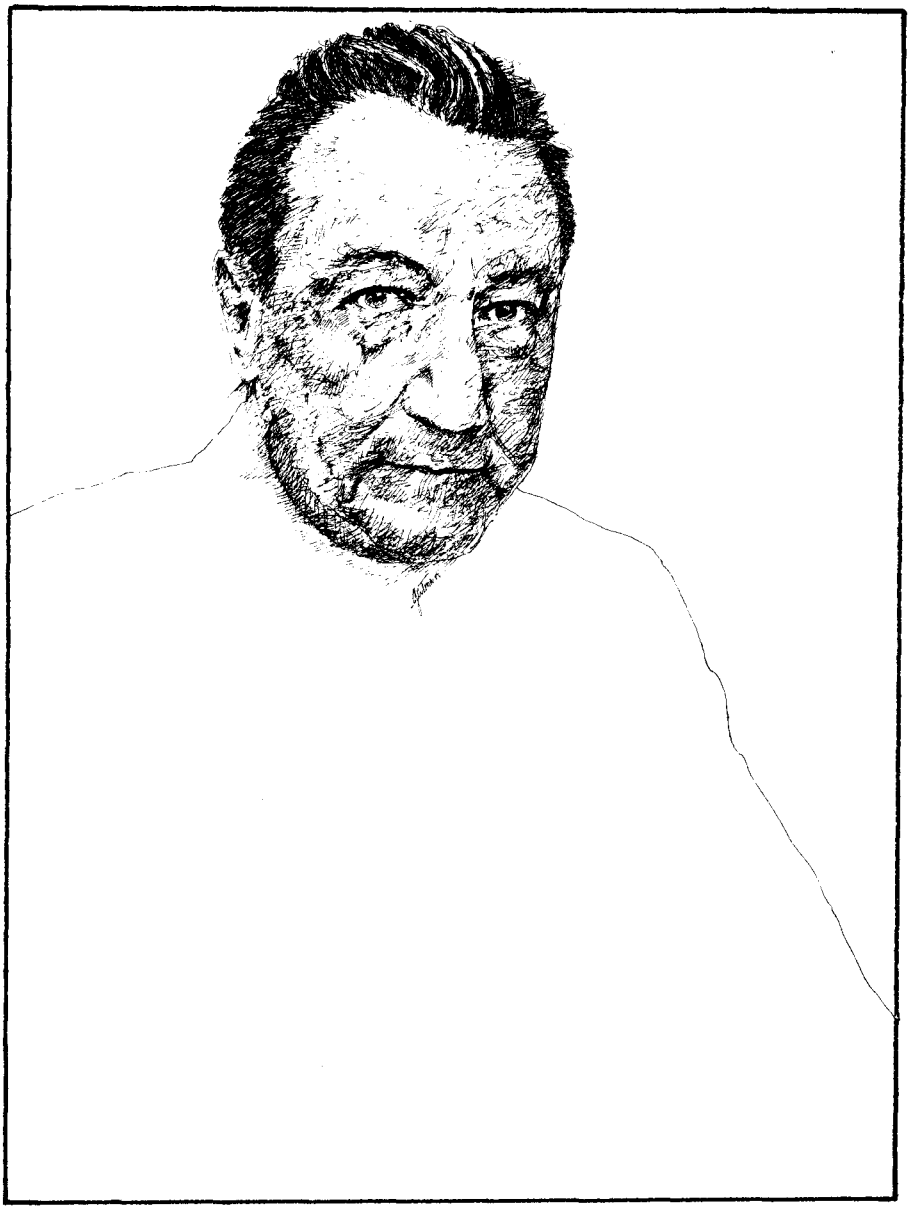

Ilene Gutman

is not the essential mission. Enormous efforts are made to do so, or at least to prolong the patient's life to the last possible moment. But the basic purpose is not to save that particular patient's life but to find means of saving the lives of others, in other hospitals in this country and throughout the world. In this sense, although the NIH doctors hate the phrase, the leukemic patients are guinea pigs, and the emotions of the guinea pigs are not the first consideration. (I have been proud of being, so far, so unusual and instructive a guinea pig; presumably the government made a good investment in my case.)

How much should a patient be told? My own view is that a patient should be told the truth and nothing but the truth —but not the whole truth. I find scribbled in my notebook: "A man who must die will die more easily if he is left a little spark of hope that he may not die after all. My rule would be: Never tell a victim of terminal cancer the whole truth —tell him that he *may* die, even that he will *probably* die, but do not tell him that he *will* die."

During my second go-round at NIH, my anorexia [loss of appetite] was almost total; it was all I could do to get down one boiled egg in the morning, and liquor, to my dismay, continued to disgust me almost as much as food. Except for Tish and John Glick [chief NIH doctor on Alsop's case], people disgusted me, too. When [brother] Joe and Susan Mary [Joe's wife] paid a visit—I had passed the word that I wanted to see no one else—it was a major effort to be polite, though I love them both.

It wasn't that I felt desperately ill physically, or even desperately depressed. I felt, instead, a kind of weariness, a vast indifference. In my head during this time there was a sort of continual background music—or, rather, background cacophony—not exactly a headache but a kind of murmuring unpleasantness. And a very bad thing happened: I could hardly read at all. After half an hour, the page would blur, and the cacophony in my head would mount from a murmur to a shout. For want of anything better to do, I watched television. It was the first time I have ever watched television for more than a few minutes at a time and, I hope, the last.

The chief danger was, of course, a lethal infection; that was why I was alone in a double room. At one point John told me that my granulocyte count [granulocytes are white blood cells important in fending off infection] was down to forty —less than one-tenth of what is regarded as the minimum safety level. "One envisages them," I wrote in my notebook, "the grizzled, battle-hardened survivors of a once mighty army, now reduced to little more than a platoon, marching out once again to do battle against the foe, well knowing that their cause is hopeless."

I was pretty sure by this time that my cause was hopeless, too, but it didn't bother me half as much as it had during my first stay at NIH, when I still enjoyed picnics in the waiting room, and drinking martinis, and reading, and laughing, and seeing my friends. The second time I was in NIH, I enjoyed nothing. I didn't want to die, but I didn't want desperately *not* to die. Who would fardels bear, to grunt and sweat under a weary life, if the weary life consisted of seeing no friends, and being unable to enjoy food or drink, and sweating like a pig every night, and, *faute de mieux*, watching the mixture of tedium and vulgarity that is so much of television?

Before I got sick I hardly ever thought about death, because the subject is an unpleasant one. Since John Glick quoted the odds to me, I have had to think a lot about death, and I have learned something from the thinking. I learned something especially from a stretch of twenty days of unexplained viremia, or whatever it was (John Glick still does not know for sure). What I learned is something that most healthy people do not understand when they think about their own death.

If you are young and in good spirits and full of health, the thought of dying

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is not utterly abhorrent but inherently incredible. The inherent incredibility of death to a healthy young man acts as a protective mechanism and helps to keep a combat soldier sane.

But the fear of death in battle is quite different from the fear of death on a hospital bed. It is, for one thing, much rarer. Most people do not die a violent death, whether on the battlefield or in the streets. Most people die in bed, because they are very sick or because they are very old or both. But their sickness or their oldness also acts as a protective mechanism. Sickness and age do not make death at all incredible. They do make death less than utterly abhorrent.

In short, for people who are sick, to be a bit sicker—sick unto death itself—holds far fewer terrors than for people who feel well. Both Cy Sulzberger [*New York Times* columnist] and Bill Attwood [publisher of *Newsday*] wrote me letters in which they referred to death as the Greek god Thanatos. When I felt sick enough, I even felt a certain affection for Thanatos, and much less fear of him than I had before.

I was never "half in love with easeful Death," and I suspect John Keats wasn't either. Only a psychotic really wants to die. But at least the thought of death was more easeful, and far less terrible, than it had been. Afterward, when I felt well again and believed I was cured, the thought again became very terrible.

THE READINGS ON THE "COUNTS" came in, and they were low—low enough so that John decided I needed both a hemoglobin and a platelet transfusion. I lunched with Rowly Evans and a cofounder of New York's Conservative party, Kieran O'Doherty, an amusing, fast-talking fellow. I was rather appalled to find myself agreeing with some of the things he said—not many, but enough to make me nervous. Am I rapidly slipping to the right as my blood rapidly turns to water?

I USED TO JOKE with John Glick about what it would do to the reputation of the august NIH if I died and the fact came out that NIH had done nothing at all to treat my disease. He laughed, but I think it was not entirely a laughing matter to some of the other NIH doctors.

My new diagnosis, "smoldering," or "aleukemic," leukemia, was, I suspect, a way of saying that the doctors really didn't know just what was wrong. Doctors are unwilling to admit that they are puzzled—almost as unwilling as political writers. I enjoy irritating John Glick by pointing out that even the best doctors don't really know as much about the human body as a good political journalist knows about the body politic.

[IN MAY 1973, after six months outside the hospital, Alsop again entered "one of NIH's drearily familiar rooms" with his second attack of pneumonia—a likely exit for leukemics. Looking back over almost two years of living with the specter of death, he wrote the following.]

John Glick can make no prognosis about what may happen next. Perhaps I shall drift back into the fever-and-night-sweats routine. Perhaps, as after my October bout with pneumonia, I shall make a halfway comeback, with no fever and feeling reasonably well as long as I get my hemoglobin and platelet transfusions. And just perhaps, although miracles, like lightning, rarely strike twice in the same place, I shall have another remission, as I had after my bout with flu in the autumn of 1971.

In any case, one contrast strikes me. At the beginning of this book, I described the trapped and desperate feeling that came over me after I had been told that I would die quite soon. Last Saturday night, when I felt so sick, I felt rather sure that I would die quite soon, and perhaps very soon, within the next day or so. I did not at all welcome the prospect, but it filled me with no sense of panic. I kissed Tish a fond good night at ten, took some Benadryl, and went easily off to sleep. Why the difference?

Perhaps the state of the nation has something—a very little something—to do with the difference. For weeks now I have been haunted and depressed by a sense that the American system, in which I have always believed in an unquestioning sort of way, the way a boy believes in his family, really is falling apart—by the

"In a way, I admire him. Day after day he goes on the air predicting the weather with a straight face."

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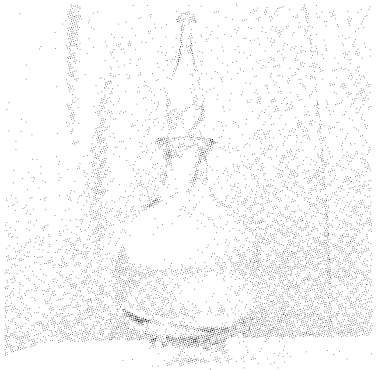

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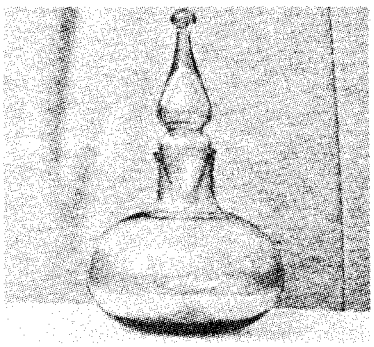

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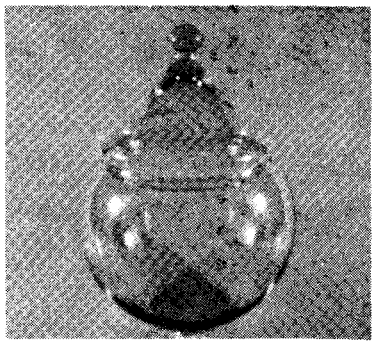

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sense that we are a failed nation, a failed people. And Watergate is surely a peculiarly depressing way to say farewell to all our greatness. It is a whimper—a sleazy little whimper, a grubby little whimper—rather than a bang. . . .

I have lived what John Glick calls a "normal life." But it has not been altogether normal. It is not normal to wake up every night just before dawn, with a fever of 101 or so, take a couple of pills, and settle down to sweat like a hog for four or five hours. It is not normal to feel so weak you can't play tennis or go trout fishing. And it is not normal either to feel a sort of creeping weariness and a sense of being terribly dependent, like a vampire, on the blood of others. After eight weeks of this kind of "normal life," the thought of death loses some of its terrors.

But the most important reason why I felt no panic last Saturday was, I think, the strange, unconscious, indescribable process that I have tried to describe in this book—the process of adjustment whereby one comes to terms with death. A dying man needs to die, as a sleepy man needs to sleep, and there comes a time when it is wrong, as well as useless, to resist.

There was a time, after I first got sick, when I liked to recall one of my small collection of Churchillisms, the familiar story of how Churchill visited his old school, Harrow, in his extreme old age, and the headmaster asked him to say a few words to the boys.

"Never give up," Churchill said. "Never. Never. Never. Never." There is no doubt that the old man lived beyond his allotted span by a tremendous effort of a tremendous will. He lived so long because he never gave up. But to what good end?

I saw Churchill a year or so before he died. I was in the visitors' gallery of the House of Commons on a reporting trip to London when Sir Winston unexpectedly appeared on the floor. There was a hush as the old man waddled feebly toward his accustomed seat, hunched over and uncertain of every step. He sat down heavily and looked around the House, owlishly, unseeing, as if for some long-vanished familiar face, and then, as the debate resumed, his big head slumped forward grotesquely on his chest. He was an empty husk of a man, all the wit and elegance and greatness drained out of him by age. Like my mother, he should have died herebefore. There is a time to live, but there is also a time to die. □

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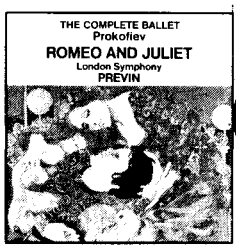

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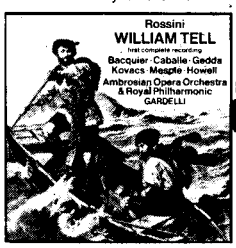

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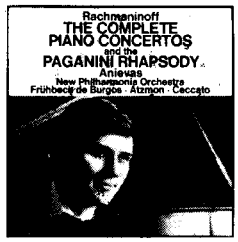

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Jill Krementz

Gore Vidal—"Unconventional politician in the republic of letters."

Gore Vidal: Urbane Witness to History

By Stephen Koch

By the time I was twelve years old, I had decided that I was born to be a writer and, inspired by the revelation of destiny, determined to abandon my erstwhile steady reading (a vast collection of Doctor Doolittle, my father's collection of Zane Grey, his copy—I *swear*—of *The Federalist Papers* and, above all, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) and take a look at what real writers might have to say. I ventured to the nearest metropolis—Saint Paul—to "buy books." One had a most impressive title, *The City and the Pillar*; the cover depicted somebody in great pain (which seemed exactly right), and the writer had a downright perplexing name: Gore Vidal. I no longer remember what other books I bought that day. Safely home, I skimmed through the Vidal. I think it was the first time in my life I was authentically shocked, rather than merely scared. My head wobbled, my blood froze, the words were an electric smear on the page. In a full-fledged fit of pubescent hysteria, I ripped the paperback to shreds.

It took a few years before I had learned that Gore Vidal lived for ends other than to appall children. He is something like the last gentleman of American letters, a stylish politician of the mother tongue, and our most ingratiating snob—a snob of conscience, contemptuous of all that is not Quality. More completely than any other conspicuous novelist of his generation (those who began writing in the immediate postwar period), Vidal sees himself as a man of letters in an old-fashioned sense, which only two or three middle-to-low-circulation magazines and, bewilderingly, Carson and Cavett have allowed to survive into the second half of the century. And among his peers, Vidal assumes the role most successfully. Norman Mailer is too obsessive and self-referring to belong in the great tradition I have in mind. To draw the usual untenable distinction: The

Culver Pictures

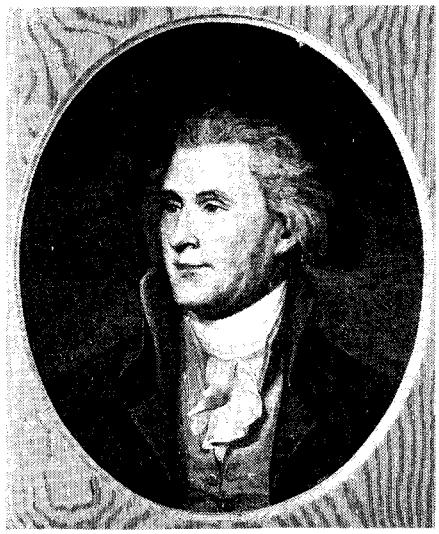
Aaron Burr—"One of the politically and personally popular Founding Fathers."

man of letters writes not about himself but about the world; he is fundamentally a critic. At his best, Mailer is a far more exciting writer than Vidal, but the excitement is bought at the price of a frequently maundering self-examination that Vidal would never allow on the page. It is boring. If you are able to turn the nifty trick of looking at either the self or the world steadily, the world turns out to be steadily interesting and the self—albeit intermittently consuming—simply not. The best wit of my acquaintance recently remarked that Mailer's *Marilyn* is, among other things, mistitled. It should have been called *Norman*. Vidal says:

> We always have an eye on each other. I think it is highly symbolic that at this point in our careers I would be studying the origins of the United States while he would be writing a book about Marilyn Monroe. This to me is exactly the difference between us. And it's fascinating that in book-chat-land, Norman Mailer on Marilyn Monroe is a far more exciting event than Gore Vidal on Aaron Burr. Because that's a really great subject—Marilyn Monroe—whereas Vidal on Burr is unimportant. Nobody's interested. It is irrelevant to our greater concerns. Ah, the trivia of it.

The other literary celeb with whom Vidal is most frequently associated is Truman Capote. But he is even less a part of the great tradition named above. Aside from his depthless fascination with—how should I say it?—the question of murder, Capote is uninterested in thinking generally about the polity—either the republic of letters or that of man. The ghostly man of letters I see Vidal fleshing out for us was born in the eighteenth century—think of Voltaire's thin, sneering smile—and he has survived numberless corruptions and transformations on his way to the "David Susskind Show." But he is always political; he is, in fact, usually a politician *manqué*.

The besetting vice of America's principal writers is the desire to be President. "I *should* have been President," Vidal once told an interviewer. "I could have made it, too, if it hadn't been for this fag thing." Dr. Johnson was for once impressed into silence when he met the most boring and trivial man of his age: the king. Rousseau cursed his life writing—he wanted Geneva in the palm of his hand. Among our own aspirants, Vidal is the most convincingly political (conviction has its limits, of course). "I was," he



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Thomas Jefferson—"He was interested in power, and he contrived to get it."

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says, "brought up to be a politician." He was raised in Washington. His father went to West Point and served in Roosevelt's subcabinet; his grandfather was a senator from Oklahoma. His mother later married a member of the exquisitely prestigious Auchincloss family. One senses the bitterness of a birthright betrayed. "If it hadn't been for a certain temperament, and a literary talent or bent, I would certainly have been a full-time politician. However, you cannot be the author of *The City and the Pillar* [a novel featuring a not-always-convincing picture of the homosexual subculture] and try to effect a sexual revolution in your time, which is what I set out to do at the age of twenty-one, and expect to be a conventional politician."

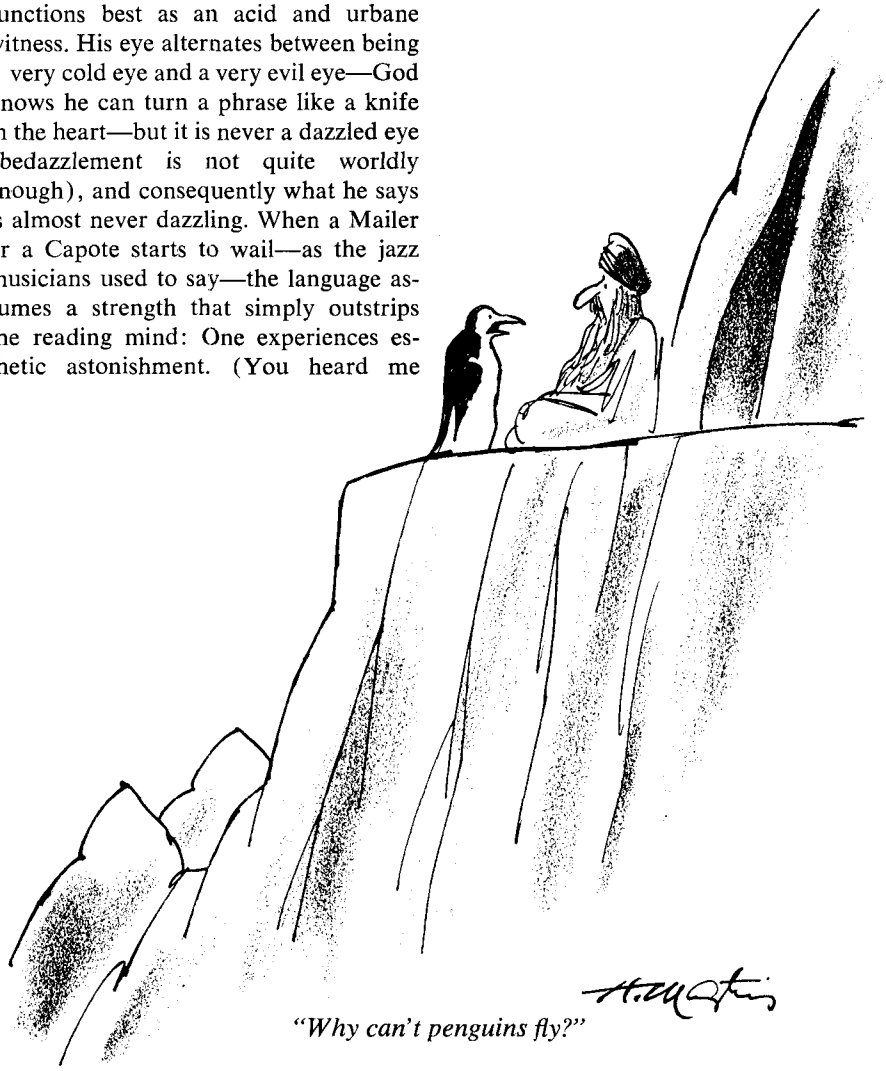
And so Vidal became an unconventional politician in the republic of letters: novelist, playwright, scenarist, television playwright, essayist, and talk-show pundit supreme. He also became—to modify Edmund Wilson's crowning touch on W. H. Auden—"one of the great American men of the world." Worldliness. Is there any American anywhere more worldly than Gore Vidal? Beside him Capote looks like a kid sitting on a mountain of candy, Mailer like an inspired barfly. Though not always the most attractive of characteristics, worldliness is—short of being possessed by a great idea—perhaps the best possible perspective for the critical mind ("I was born to be a critic"), and Vidal is one of the most superbly deflationary and entertaining (if not completely persuasive) critics I know.

The man of letters I'm thinking of sees himself as the Ideal Citizen, speaking out of his imagined place in the dead center of society ("I still see America as my turf and a country continually in need of my ministrations"). He addresses neither himself nor the angels of transcendence, but the plain old, faintly simple-minded body politic. The prime virtue for such a man is not passion but articulation. "Writing, for me," says Vidal, "is almost entirely a matter of making sense." He seems to have no interest at all in blowing the mind anywhere. A generation fed on the punditry of a William F. Buckley—and it seems we have reached the Pretty Pass which makes Buckley our most celebrated "intellectual"—seems amazed that plain talk like Vidal's can be so evil and yet so infallible when it hits home. Vidal is correct to complain that his pop antagonist to the Right wows 'em in television land by scoring debating points before a public that mistakes the incoherently arcane for the unanswerably true. Vidal talks straight. For all his reputation for glacial, unapproachable archness, his are the simple virtues. Be clear. Think carefully. Talk about something important. Do not be a bore.

TO ANYONE INTERESTED IN the arrows of an intellectual marksmanship that strike like a flash, I recommend *Homage to Daniel Shays*, Vidal's collected essays. Aside from its political and cultural commentary, this volume recounts some of the most hilarious political scenes ever, such as that of Nixon's ambassador to Britain, Walter Annenberg, addressing Her Britannic Majesty as he presents his credentials: "Reaction shot of the queen looking as if a cigar had just exploded in her face." It also gives some of the most riveting political gossip, such as Eleanor Roosevelt's table talk about Joe Kennedy: "Then Franklin said, 'Get him out of here.' And I said, 'But dear, you've invited him for the weekend. . . .' "

In both his essays and novels, Vidal functions best as an acid and urbane witness. His eye alternates between being a very cold eye and a very evil eye—God knows he can turn a phrase like a knife in the heart—but it is never a dazzled eye (bedazzlement is not quite worldly enough), and consequently what he says is almost never dazzling. When a Mailer or a Capote starts to wail—as the jazz musicians used to say—the language assumes a strength that simply outstrips the reading mind: One experiences esthetic astonishment. (You heard me right; I said Capote. People forget his power, but read "My Side of the Story," "Master Misery," and "Shut a Final Door," short stories in *A Tree of Night*.) Even when I read his fiction, that esthetic astonishment has never been my experience with Vidal. The pleasures are different: the joys of style, the engrossment of argument, the fascination of evil, and, at its best, the pleasure of being hit square between the eyes. Bull's-eye.

These are the joys of connoisseurship, rather than of intellectual—well—adventure. In his criticism, advancing his various causes (repeal of the sex laws, legalization of drugs and making addiction a strictly medical matter, political attacks and exposés, the concern for the environment and overpopulation), Vidal's ideas are—like those of even the best politicians—never original or, for that matter, even all that unusual. (One peculiar result, for me, is that his works turn out almost always to be more interesting than they promise to be at first blush.) But not even Camus was original: The fact is that the role of the man



"Why can't penguins fly?"

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of letters is simply not big enough to accommodate a really powerful new idea. The role consists in lucidly defending intelligence and quality, drawing distinctions, and scourging the bogus and corrupt—at which Vidal has no peer: Contempt could be his middle name. This is usually done in the name of values that—like the rest of the writing—are very clear, finally simple.

But a worldly connoisseurship also tends to suggest decadence: And, indeed, there is a Vidal the good and a Vidal the bad. In Vidal the bad, the Ideal Citizen gives way to the author of *Julian*, prestidigitator of depravity. He becomes the author of *Myra Breckenridge*, that comedy of sexual degradation that suggests nothing so much as a buffo unconscious recapitulation of *Les Liaisons dangereuses*, possibly the most evil masterpiece of all literature.

Then Vidal the good turns around—well, he is never very, *very* good—and startles the sophisticates with something like this:

> To read of Eleanor and Franklin is to weep for what we have lost. Gone is the ancient American sense that whatever is wrong with human society can be put right with human action. . . . Whether or not one thought of Eleanor Roosevelt as a world ombudsman or as a chronic explainer or as a scourge of the selfish, she was like no one else in her usefulness. As the box containing her went past me, I thought, well, that's that. We're really on our own now.

Somewhere in Vidal's mind there is an ever more improbable convocation of superior people—highly intelligent, incorruptible, at once serious and worldly, philosophical and practical—whose duty it is to make egalitarian democracy the social condition of this land, to fulfill the eighteenth-century promise of a republic of the just, a promise that really was a great experiment, which has in turn become a great tradition, which in turn the little foxes have systematically and all but completely destroyed.

Which brings us to *Burr*.

LET'S FACE IT: Not one educated American in ten knows a goddamn thing about the Founding Fathers. This does not prevent their purported ideals and views from being invoked at every conceivable opportunity. The founders are a gathering of statues (as Vidal would say, carved in soft soap). Very few of us have any conception that we live in the same country where Jefferson and Hamilton lived. The dullest French schoolchild knows that (*a*) he lives where Napoleon did (after all, the emperor instituted the pettifogging tyranny of the French classroom) and (b) Napoleon was human because he screwed up, lost. Americans have managed to remain untroubled by the past by making it perfect. Perfect, it is all but unreal. Odd logic: Since no stupid or corrupt thought ever passed through Thomas Jefferson's noble mind, he did not effectively exist. He was the third President of what might as well have been another country. And besides, the wench is dead.

Making history perfect is an ideal way of dispensing with both its obligations and its lessons. Nixon will not be the first American President to lose a war, breezily forgetting that our bloodiest war was a civil war, the political, economic, and racial probability of which was explicitly evident to the founders, and the results of which we all live with every single day. (But, then, race has once again become the great unspoken secret of American politics: In the recent New York mayoral campaign, I do not remember one of the contending crusaders mentioning it even once.)

In *Burr*, Vidal—perverse creature—has brought the men who invented our politics back to a believable ethical life. He has made them—God forbid!—politicians, some enlightened, some not, and has proceeded to talk turkey. This process of turning marble into flesh and changing a purely rhetorical fantasy into a real country, which turns out to be our own, is a singularly engrossing piece of magic that I highly recommend. Others, it seems, do not. *The New York Times* has already pronounced *Burr*'s portrait of Jefferson "dangerous" (though John Leonard filed an honorable dissent). Yet the book was apparently researched most meticulously, and no evidence was given of any inaccuracies.

IT IS 1833, and the infamous Aaron Burr, one of the few surviving founders and the man everybody loves to hate, is living out his old age in New York, which the latest wave of Irish immigrants is making a pretty rough town and which John Jacob Astor is most dramatically buying up. The brilliant old Burr, lusting as ever after women and riches, has been made into the demon who killed Hamilton and the monster whom Saint Jefferson accused of treason. He is, in fact, a very complex man who is one of the most politically and personally popular of the men who invented the republic; but he is also an impetuous romantic who badly played a bad hand in the power game that accompanied that event. He knew everybody and was also shrewd enough to know everything. Andrew Jackson is about to leave the presidency; the Left (interested in further democratization and an exploitative expansion of the republic) is stuck with a candidate (Martin Van Buren) who has a suspiciously centrist look. Rumor has it that Van Buren is the illegitimate son of the Burr-devil—ruinous information if proved. A liberal newspaper plants a young man in Burr's law office: The old boy knows you, likes you. Get him to talk, keep your ears open, and tell us everything.

Talk he does, and, ingeniously planted in the intrigue between past and future, the book tells all. The statues walk, talk, contrive, hate each other's guts, make deals, hope. Burr becomes Vidal's ideal mouthpiece: Brilliant but disaffected, bitter but with no reason left to lie, he

"And don't forget who's sitting in the White House watching every move."

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speaks from the same position of critical intelligence that Vidal himself inhabits best. Washington, the superbly shrewd politician, ceremoniously clears his throat before us, revealing all his pomposity and intellectual insecurity. Burr's contentious friendship with Hamilton—"that West Indian bastard," as John Adams called him—becomes as credible as two rivals sparring at a cocktail party.

Then there is Jefferson. Jefferson at first found Burr an extremely useful and personable political ally. Until Burr tied him in the electoral vote in the presidential election of 1800. Thereupon Jefferson concluded (according to Burr, of course) that the earth would never be big enough to hold them both. Jefferson was President. He also had the cooler head, was a better politician, and was capable of total vindictiveness and complete lack of scruple when he wanted somebody out of the way. Vidal's portrait somewhat suggests Woodrow Wilson, who likewise believed that anybody who seriously opposed or threatened him must have satanically evil motives. What followed was the systematic demolition of a political career by a master of the game, culminating in a trial for treason—now so pertinent to Mr. Nixon's troubles—that was managed with startling underhandedness by the White House.

Vidal can expect critical trouble. First of all, received wisdom tells us that historical novels are no good. (*War and Peace*?) But *Burr* is a very good, if slightly dispassionate, historical novel firing the dead terrain of the past with constantly surprising intelligence and life. But it seems nobody likes thinking about the history of this country in a way that threatens the moralism of saints and devils with human fact. Since the publication of Leonard W. Levy's *Jefferson and Civil Liberties*, pundits have been shaking 'em up on the tube by announcing that Jefferson was, say, a racist—which he certainly was. In the North a favorite name for him was "Massa Tom." He was also—dread thought—interested in power, and he contrived to get it. Saints have the advantage of living in heaven. Nixon has the advantages of not. To suggest that the people who set up the system actually lived where we do puts their failings, and their suspicion that corrupt human beings like themselves and ourselves might create something like a noble society, just a touch too close for comfort. □

Priestley's English

THE ENGLISH
By J. B. Priestley
The Viking Press, 256 pp., $17.95

Reviewed by Michael George

J. B. Priestley is, to employ a sporting term he would surely appreciate, a good all-rounder; he is a novelist, playwright, essayist, literary critic, and—I intend no disrespect—something of a professional Englishman. In recent years he has added to a long inning of varied achievements as a man of letters his social histories of the Regency, the early years of Victoria's reign, and the Edwardian era. These characterizations in brisk prose, lavishly complemented by pictures, lead us to expect of his latest experiment in this mixed medium an original and appealing contribution to our understanding of the race to which the author so proudly belongs.

First, let it be said that these particular English make a very good appearance. In the cool, confident, sometimes quizzical, always characterful faces of the remarkable and invariably famous

Michael George is a Welsh-born, English-bred (i.e., British) resident of New York City, where he is an editor with a book club.

The English—"In their insular complacency they are, after all, most English."
From "The English"

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men and women who stare out from the illustrations in Priestley's informal history, one discerns something about the English, the ineffably English, which mere words could only approximate.

WHAT PRIESTLEY HAS attempted is a personality profile based on his private analysis of the English. The American reader who, along with many citizens of the United Kingdom, may have acquired the bad habit of confusing "British" with "English" will no doubt want to know *who* the author of this book is putting on the couch. The Scots? The Irish? The Welsh? No, says the author with typically English *sang-froid,* none of these. In these times of waxing minority pride, it is, of course, perfectly proper to maintain such ethnic distinctions (as between the English and their jealous neighbors). However, as we shall see, Priestley's scorched-earth policy leaves standing a veritable thicket of cultural confusions in which the author, and the unsuspecting reader, can get caught.

It is in the nature of guest lists to provoke astonishment and mirth; Priestley's is no exception. For instance, "Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian monarchs, Irish playwrights, Welsh poets, and Scottish painters and engineers" have been excluded on grounds of race and national origin; this exclusive little affair is for "true-born Englishmen-and-women" only. Well, who are the few to be favored with Priestley's hospitality? We should not look here to find Oscar Wilde (Irish), William Ewart Gladstone (Scotch), George Bernard Shaw (Irish), David Lloyd George (Welsh), Dean Swift (Irish), Thomas Stearns Eliot (American), Inigo Jones (Welsh), Richard Brinsley Sheridan (Irish), Anthony Vandyke (Flemish), William Butler Yeats (Irish), Richard Wilson (Welsh), or Benjamin Disraeli ("Jewish-dandy-novelist" and "impassive Oriental illusionist"!).

PRIESTLEY'S OWN APPOINTED LAWS, aside from being unjust, are also quite unenforceable. This is no mere procedural point; Priestley's narrow-minded definition of Englishness, based as it is almost exclusively on arbitrary considerations of birth and blood, lies at the very heart of his enterprise. It is a species of cultural imperialism to exclude the donations made to the sum of English identity by, among others, the figures I have listed above. No survey, however sweeping, can truly comprehend the English "soul" if it seeks to divorce it from the cosmopolitan body which that soul inhabits; its "alien" distillations are of the English essence. And this is something the author overtly and covertly acknowledges time and again: Although Disraeli "has no place here," it is fully sixty-nine words before he is dismissed, whereas, to name only a few of the "true-born," Christopher Wren, Alexander Pope, Thomas Hobbes, Charlotte Brontë, Jeremy Bentham, Wilfred Owen, Edith Sitwell, and George Orwell don't get a look-in. And why should Peg Woffington, an Irish actress, and Frederick Delius, both of whose parents were German, receive speaking parts in the Priestley road show while other "legitimate" actors are not even allowed to walk on? We can only conclude that the author is engaging in that traditional English pastime known universally as having your cake and eating it, too.

"I WANT TO KEEP EVERYTHING bouncing along," says Priestley, as he busies himself in an Augean stable of a first chapter, saddling up a herd of wild hobbyhorses. If you don't get thrown as Priestley's mounts bolt off in pursuit of a bunch of prejudices (bucking at some of them and shying at others), you may judge it worth your while to stay on for the ride. Priestley takes us for a quick canter through the English terrain. The landscapes that illustrate the book are, incidentally, one of its most attractive features. The topography of the English spirit, as undertaken by Priestley, is crisscrossed by scenic routes; the tireless tourist will be rewarded with an eyeful of the picturesque and many idiosyncratic views. When Priestley writes well, and as often as not he does, his writing is a study in sturdy morality, shrewd wit, genial humor, and robust affection. He is on the side of life, and it is the English side of life.

"It is," observes Priestley in his predominant perception of his compatriots, "instinctive feeling, not rational thought, that shapes and colors actual events in England." At the outset he sets down the slim hypothesis that what makes the English different is their freedom from the tyranny of reason; before he is through, this poor nag has been flogged to death. It is ironic that Priestley should thus unbalance his own equation of Englishness with the free operation of intuition by determining in advance of his findings what his measure of Englishness is to be. Priestley's assumption that "the English common people" share his distaste for ideology leads him to assert their distrust of revolutionary solutions; and since the English have not yet had their violent revolution, being nice, intuitive common people, it sort of follows that the sharp contradictions of English monopolistic capitalism will somehow be worn smooth! Priestley is muddle-headed—that's one English characteristic we are agreed upon—in his analysis of the socioeconomic realities of the modern scene. He sounds at times as if he is whistling in the dark to keep his courage up. In their insular complacency the English are, after all, most English. □

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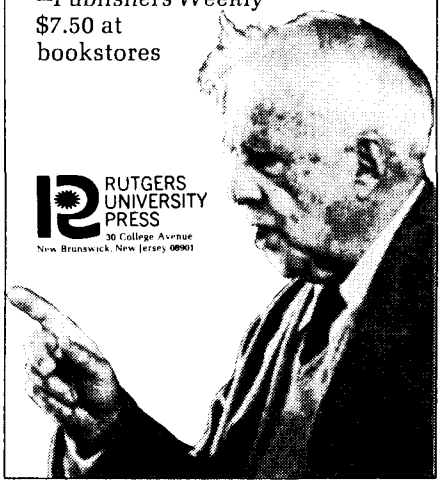

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Trade Winds

Poems of Joy

Kathleen Fraser is a West Coast poet in her thirties whose reputation as one of the important contemporaries has been built slowly but surely. She is best known for her wry, longish "Poem in Which My Legs Are Accepted"—an anthology favorite. Her first book for a large publisher is *What I Want*, just issued by Harper & Row. If I have any complaints about contemporary poets, it's that they are such mopes. So it's a pleasure to find a poem with joy in it; viz., her "Little Joy Poem":

> Like a shiny bus in the snow,
> I feel good this morning—
> new upholstery, green and tough,
> I'll never wear out!
> The snowplow came at 2 A.M.
> last night on its lonely task
> and I looked from the window
> waving my toothbrush.
> (At night, the snow
> changes color.)
> Here I am—two legs
> a new morning
> and joy,
> like the whiteness of cold milk,
> filling me up.

Swiss Family Robinson Crusoe on the Beach

Suppose you and a handful of friends were in a deep wine cellar, drawing off the new wine, when an atomic bomb fell outside. You'd surely bless the wine, to say nothing of the cellar. Such is how Robert Merle's novel *Malevil* (Simon & Schuster, January 14) begins. If you're looking for a wonderful read, this is it. M. Merle, a Goncourt winner, gets a bit French-philosophical here and there, but his characters are full, his plot intricate, and the sex flows nicely. He kind of makes you wish that you could start the world over again with a bunch of kindred souls. It's not a little snip of a book either—but good value for the money.

Such Brilliancies

This anthologist has the habit of noting down, inside the back cover of each book he reads, the numbers of pages that contain things of particular interest. Some sort of record was set when I read *What the Woman Lived: Selected Letters of Louise Bogan 1920–1970*, edited by Ruth Limmer and published last month (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). I found notations of thirty-seven items that I simply couldn't resist. Most of the letters are to her friends and fellow writers: Edmund Wilson, Morton Dauwen Zabel, Rolfe Humphries, Theodore Roethke, May Sarton, John Hall Wheelock, and William Maxwell. What fascinating gossip! Such brilliancies! A fine poet herself, she was for many years the poetry reviewer for *The New Yorker*, and the letters refer to most any poet an *aficionado* could think of. Of Robinson Jeffers she snorts, "What an ass that man is! Him and his Pacific Ocean!" Of her friend W. H. Auden, she says he looks "more creased and battered than one would think possible. How *does* he get that *crumpled* look? Working? Thinking? Being a genius?" Here's a sample from an early letter (1933) to Morton Dauwen Zabel:

> Everyone is more or less miserable everywhere, and the one thing to remember is that intellectual curiosity and the life of the mind are man's hope, and let it go at that. Since the gift of faith has been denied me, I cannot be heartened by the magic in dogma or ritual. But I have an ear for music, some talent for writing, a wonderful sense of humor, a fine constitution, and . . . an appreciable amount of good horse sense. So I shall settle down and let my intellectual curiosity work, with the aid of the above-mentioned God-given gifts. And if those aren't the words of a sensible woman, what would the words of a s. w. be?

Bol'shaia Sovetskaia Entsiklopediia

On December 15 everything that you're allowed to know about the Soviet Union encompassed by the letter *a* will be available when Macmillan publishes the first volume of a projected thirty in *The Great Soviet Encyclopedia.* Let me revise that statement about the letter *a*. For reasons too complicated for this brain to absorb, each volume will run through the whole Russian alphabet, but the emphasis in the first volume will be on the letter *a*. (The Russian alphabet is different from ours. There's no *h*, for one thing; so Shakespeare's play comes out as *Gamlet*.) Some forty Russian experts and translators have been working on volume one for a year, sending weekly batches of 60,000 words by jet from New York to Moscow for clarification and verification. For $50 you can get this first volume and put a reserve on the rest, and for a mere $1100 you'll have the full set—21 million words—by 1977.

WILLIAM COLE

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Books in Brief

SOUTH OF THE NAVEL
By Simi Horwitz
Thomas Y. Crowell, 192 pp., $5.95

The avowed aim of this work is to record what happens when the counterculture becomes the Establishment. The author attended the drama school of a large university (identified as Leviathan U.) at a time when new leftism was at its height on campus and making its daily disturbance in minds already addled by "sensitivity training" and "gut thinking." Leviathan U. employed in its drama school an inordinate number of instructors whose minds were particularly susceptible to the prevailing madness of the time. Miss Horwitz recalls that one of the exercises in "street theater" involved a group of students who would go to a lower-class Italian neighborhood at an early hour on a Sunday. They would ring bells in a few of the homes until someone came to the door, whereupon they would shout at him epithets whose message was that he —the Italian homeowner—was a racist. This method of "confronting a racist," Miss Horwitz records, sent the drama-school students home with a profound feeling of pride in themselves, their morality, their politics, and, somehow, their art. There was the school's talented-person theory, whereby students who could not get out a line on-stage were perceived as intrinsically talented persons for reasons best known to their instructors. It is an informing, infuriating testament, no detail of which will seem extravagant to any who have observed countercultural creativity, to say nothing of the universities where its orthodoxies are faithfully dispensed.

•

THE SOAPS
By Madeleine Edmondson and David Rounds
Stein and Day, 265 pp., $8.95

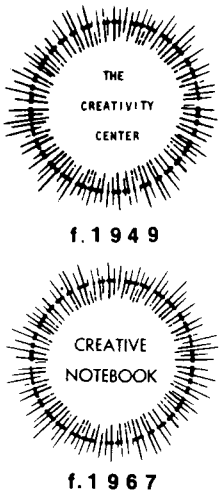
The story of the soaps, those fifteen-minute serials that took their toll of the emotional lives of generations of women (and, no doubt, not a few men), is chronicled here in an informing and hilarious work. How the soaps began (the first one to qualify as one was "The Smith Family," ca. 1925) and at whose hands they thrived is interesting enough: The Hummerts, a reclusive writing couple who cornered the market by giving the world "Stella Dallas," "Young Widder Brown," and "David Harum," to name a few, became millionaires. Yet more interesting are the themes that prevailed in the soaps and the social attitudes that no script-writer in his right mind would have thought of departing from, so codified was the moral world of the serials. The authors have extrapolated the themes neatly, albeit coyly at times, and no one with firsthand experience of having listened to the soaps, whether to the classic radio originals or to their current heirs in daytime television, can fail to recognize their accuracy. The original world of soapland was populated by three classes: the good (mostly women), the bad (mostly rich people and foreigners with ominous names), and the weak (mostly men). The updated version of the soaps in daytime television has included such modern variables as race relations, the Vietnam war, and the problems of dope; but at heart they exhibit no real difference from the guiding premises of the original soap operas, which began when daytime radio was filled with the stories of peaceable small-town lives regularly and unaccountably beset by wild calamities. Whether it was the onset of hysterical blindness, paralysis, or nerve disease, the small-town lives in question had a lion's share of exotic experiences. The authors, apparently affected by the serials they replay, overextend their scenes on occasion, which is no very serious distraction in a consistently entertaining book.

•

HOW THE WEATHER WAS
By Roger Kahn
Harper & Row, 256 pp., $6.95

Mr. Kahn's portraits of literary, musical, and sports celebrities reprinted here are somewhat revised versions of his pieces that have appeared in various periodicals, with one or two sections from his longer works. There is a remarkable consistency to Mr. Kahn's rendering of experience, whether the subject is Leo Durocher or Jascha Heifetz, whether the occasion is the time Bobby Thomson hit a home run to win the pennant for the Giants or the time the New York City police advanced on the Columbia University campus during the period of the great troubles in 1968. Style being, of course, a reflection of character, it is difficult to argue with its consistency. But such uncommonly regular sentimentality as Mr. Kahn displays on all occasions is worth noting, particularly inasmuch as it comes from an otherwise interesting prose writer. However acute his details, the final impressions one has of any experience Mr. Kahn renders is likely to be a throb—the same that ruled them in the experience before it and the same that will rule the one after it. This is good neither for the point of view nor for the prose, both of which would have profited considerably from drying out. On the other hand, Mr. Kahn has a fine eye for detail and a sometimes moderate lyric touch, which make several things in the collection a pleasure to read, foremost among them the portraits of Jascha Heifetz and Claudio Arrau.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ



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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

A Pox on Hokum (Proverbial Division)

Once more I speak my piece—and irritate God knows how many of my readers. Some will accuse me of shameless cynicism. I can only wince. I am by nature the mushiest of men: I just can't seem to endure hokum—however lofty its pitch or virtuous its true-believers.

Here are some sacred articles of popular faith that give me cerebral eczema:

"A picture is worth a thousand words!"

Then why does it take words to make that point?

"Two heads are better than one."

Not if both are stupid. The only place where two heads are sure to be better than one is the circus. In other places employers are shamelessly prejudiced against job applicants who sport two heads.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Absence also lets the brain take a clear, hard look at the heart's maudlin irresponsibility.

"The road to hell is paved with good intentions."

It is also paved with delicious gratifications.

"The trouble with our society is . . ."

Stop. *No* one knows how a society—any society—really works. A society (or a mere neighborhood) presents infinitely more complex, changing, nonrational, perverse, contradictory problems than the most advanced mavens in the social sciences are able to predict, much less cope with.

"Man is born free; yet everywhere he is in chains."

This ringing line from Rousseau has long been revered by artists, idealists, anarchists, young rebels, old socialists, middle-aged dentists, and troubled theologians. The immortal apothegm brought a lump to my throat when first I read it (I was seventeen). It is noble, moving, and preposterous.

Man is not born free. Man is born totally helpless, totally incompetent, totally dependent, and totally ignorant. Man is born a slave—at the complete mercy of adults who must feed, rear, teach, and protect him for years and years and years.

I know that Rousseau's "free" referred to rights (assumed) and legal status (preferred); but the mindless extrapolation of nonsense gives me a bellyache.

"The reason that Nixon/Johnson/Kennedy . . ."

Stop. No man or woman ever does anything for only one reason. Not even a pimp; not even a prostitute; not even a saint, a philanthropist, or a postman. And a practicing politician could not practice politics if he failed to balance a multitude of contending interests, claims, pressures. Even the simplest problems in politics are simply and infuriatingly complicated—in either unrevealed content or unpredictable consequences.

"Miracles prove the power of faith."

Miracles prove (a) the insufficiency of our knowledge and (b) the validity of the laws of probability (for large enough statistical "populations").

"All generalizations are false—including this one."

But that generalization is true.

"We should urge the young to be independent-minded, not conformists . . ."

In that case, you should urge them not to follow your advice—i.e., you should urge them to conform. Sorry.

"Behind every great man is a woman."

I yield to no man in my affection for females, but a reading of biographies compels me to believe that in most cases behind every great man is a nag. □

"What the hell do you mean, a 'Bebe Rebozo commemorative'?"

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

What Is Sincerity?

If the world is not a generous source of hope, it is yet a bonanza for what the school system calls "learning source materials." If Johnny is to be taught to write, he must be given something to write about. What could serve him better than some selected pieces of his own world grouped around some questions he probably has not thought to ask? With luck, he may even realize that the questions were always there to be asked but simply had not surfaced.

I hereby request the foundations to underwrite a small project based on existing film clips to be spliced together and shown to generic Johnny and Jane with some pauses for non-directive questioning.

I suggest as the first clip an old TV cigarette commercial by Dennis James. I don't remember the brand; call it El Cancros. What I remember is his sincerity. With a fervor unknown since John Brown, he looked me in my soul's eye as he held up a pack of Cancros in his left hand and pointed to it with his right index finger, his mouth working the litany of praise. Nor do I remember what he said. I do remember that once, when the audio failed, I watched his mouth work on, and I could have sworn he was reciting—simultaneously—the Lord's Prayer, Kaddish, and the Apostles' Creed.

Switch off. Lights up. Questions to the class: (1) Was this man sincere? (2) If you think he was sincere, do you think El Cancros are worth being that sincere about? (3) If you think what you saw was a good actor projecting sincerity because his script called for it, discuss ways of projecting a sincerity one does not necessarily feel. (4) If a man can project sincerity as a professional device, are there ways of telling the difference between real and professed sincerity (do not answer in a hurry)?

As a second clip, I nominate a Johnny Cash TV commercial of about a year ago, a plug for a brand of gasoline—I forget the brand name. Call it Apostolico's Holiness Gasoline, regular, premium, and low lead. Johnny, his voice throbbing with sincerity, opened with: "An old-time preacher once told me it's not hard to have faith if you know what to have faith in." He went on to say that Americans had had faith in Apostolico for more than fifty years and that Apostolico had never let them down. Johnny gave his pitch what I can only call "total throb." He did everything but offer free baptism (spritz, pour, or dunk) with every purchase of eight gallons or more.

I think he managed to fade out without actually singing "Give Me that Old-Time Religion," but I'm not sure. I myself had faded out to mystical rapture.

Switch off. Lights up. Questions as before, plus any others the class comes up with.

The class will have observed the face of commercial sincerity. It should now be offered some exercises in purportedly sincere sincerity. Those examples might best be selected by a fair-minded committee. To that committee I recommend a sampling of political utterance. Certainly the class should look carefully at Richard M. Nixon crying on TV for his little dog, Checkers. And certainly the sampling should show some of Spiro Agnew's most resolute castigations of (1) impudent youth, (2) the American press, (3) the effete bums who opposed the Vietnam war. These included, I don't see how it would be possible to leave out some of Mr. Agnew's utterly sincere denial of all charges against him in the thirty days before he went to court and, in effect, copped a plea and accepted his sentence.

Nor do I see how the series could omit his later address to the nation. I know I'd like to sit through it again to double-check my first impressions. I thought I heard him say in whole sincerity that he had pleaded guilty in order to spare his family the embarrassment they would have been caused had he pleaded innocent. I am not positive that is what he said, but I think that is what I heard. I'd like the class to say what it thinks it heard.

And now, the switches off and the lights up, I'd like the class to say what it thinks the question is. I hope it will phrase it, first, "Is it possible to fake sincerity?" and, second, "Is it possible to tell the difference between faked and real sincerity?"

The second will be the one that counts. I hope the class will realize it has hit upon an unanswerable question, for that will give the teacher a chance to point out that the only questions really worth asking are the unanswerable ones and that mankind has always defined its own best by the valor with which a few men in every generation have wrung their souls in search of better ways of asking what they knew could never be answered. □

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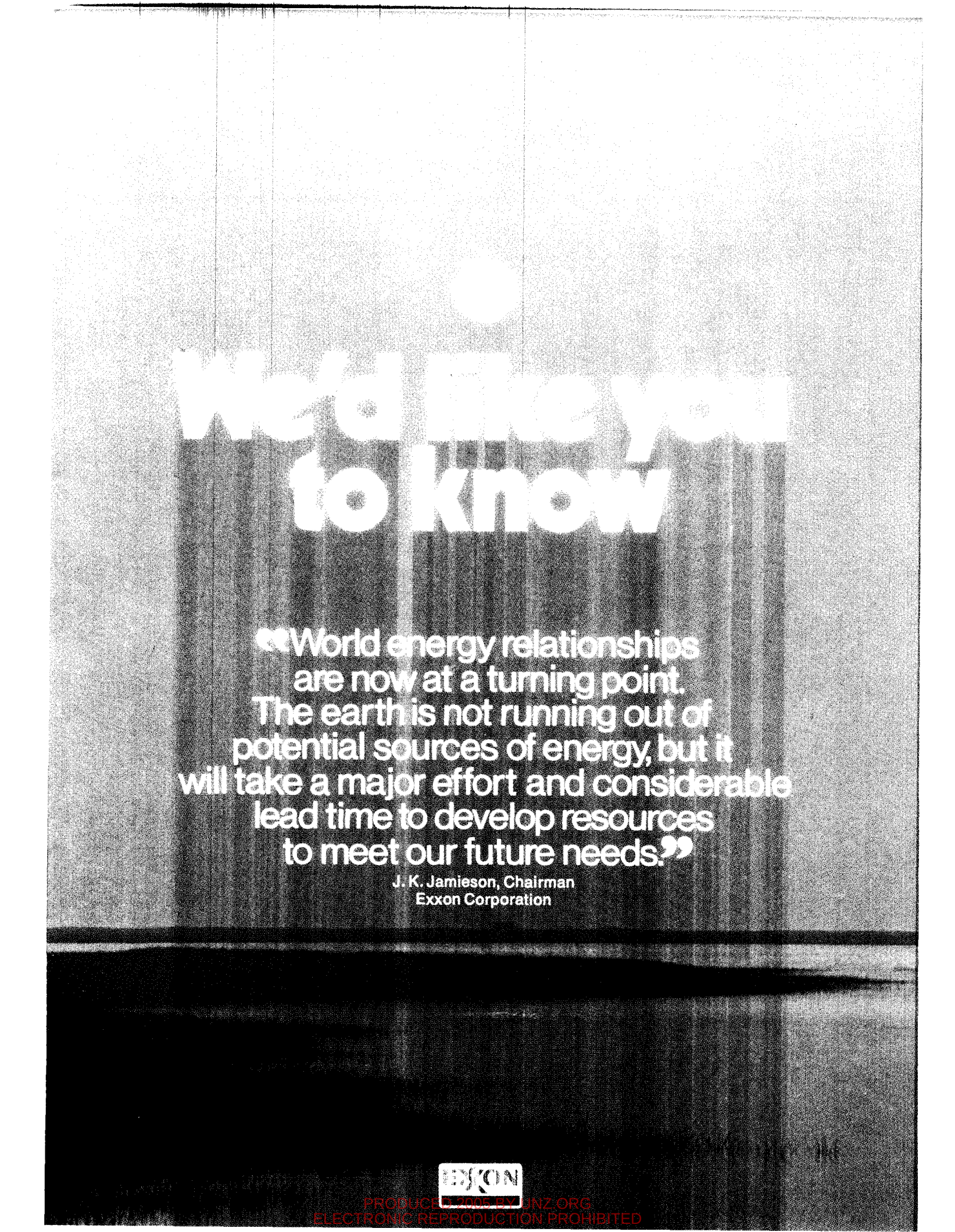
We need
to know
"World energy relationships
are now at a turning point.
The earth is not running out of
potential sources of energy, but it
will take a major effort and considerable
lead time to develop resources
to meet our future needs."
J. K. Jamieson, Chairman
Exxon Corporation
EXXON

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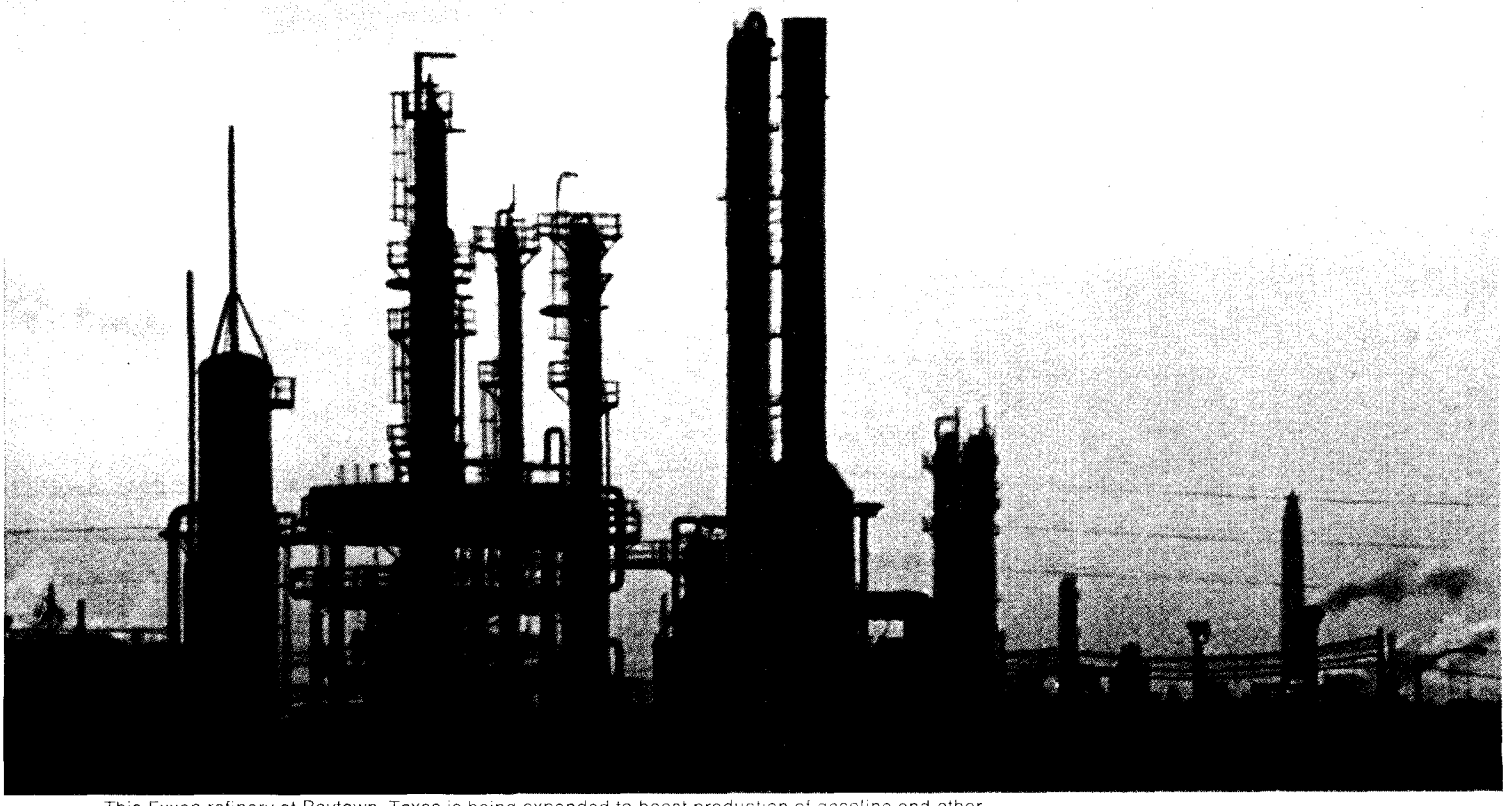

This Exxon refinery at Baytown, Texas is being expanded to boost production of gasoline and other products by 13 million gallons a day. Smaller expansion programs will take place at several of Exxon's other refineries in the United States and abroad.

Almost every American is aware that our country is facing a serious energy problem. But the fact is, the problem is not ours alone—it involves the entire world.

It is not easy to explain in brief how the situation came about. Complex factors are involved—ranging from increasing consumption to disappointing discoveries to environmental considerations to world political relationships. And solutions are not around the corner.

One thing is sure. The earth is not running out of potential sources of energy. But it will take a major effort and considerable lead time to develop resources to meet future needs.

On the following pages we review the energy situation, and tell what Exxon is doing both short-term and long-term to meet the needs of its customers.

We need all the energy we can get.

Looking first at the current supply-demand situation in the United States, it is clear that this country needs all the energy it can get from all available sources.

Exxon has responded to the immediate need by producing domestic crude oil at maximum efficient capacity. We have increased imports of crude oil and petroleum products, and have kept our refineries running at an all-out pace.

Exxon has a major refinery expansion program under way that will increase Exxon's U.S. capacity by almost 15 million gallons a day, or about 30 percent. A small part of the increase will be available soon, and the full amount by 1976.

Every day the average man, woman and child in the U.S. uses nearly four gallons of oil, 300 cubic feet of natural gas, 15 pounds of coal and smaller amounts of other energy. This is substantially more than the average of other industrial countries and eight times as much as the world average.

Until new domestic refining capacity is brought on stream, substantial volumes of imported petroleum products will be required to meet the needs of U.S. consumers. Even with the refinery expansions that Exxon and others have so far announced, it is not certain that the rapidly increasing demand anticipated for the next few years can be satisfied.

Raising U.S. refinery capacity to adequate levels on a basis that satisfies environmental requirements will not in itself end U.S. energy supply problems. Worldwide, crude oil supplies will be tight in relation to the high demand now forecast.

Demand rising 7% a year.

Oil and gas now account for about 65 percent of total world energy consumption, and their relative position is still increasing. Supplies of other fuels have not grown as fast as energy demand, and oil has been called upon to make up the difference. As a result, world petroleum demand, now rising at an annual rate of about 7 percent, could double by 1985.

EXXON

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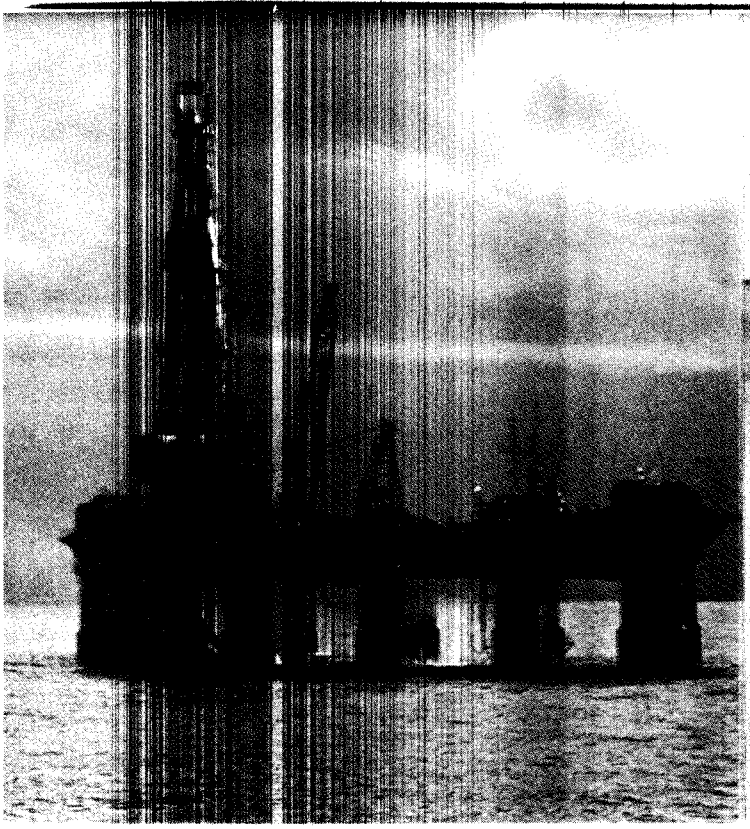
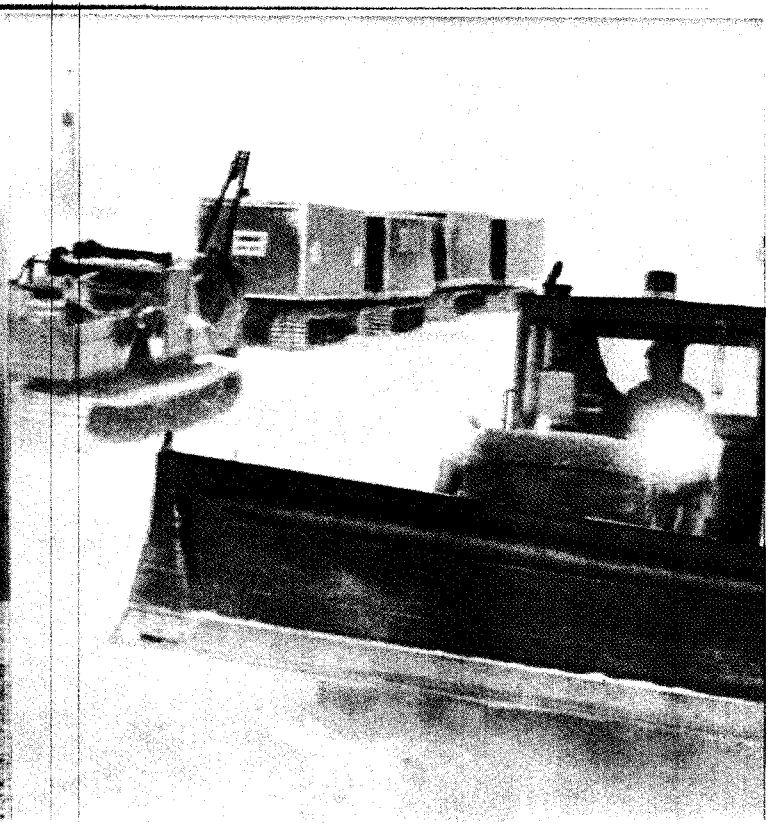


Exxon is looking for oil on land and off the coasts of more than 40 countries around the world. This platform is located in the North Sea where frequent storms bring 75-mile-an-hour winds and 65-foot waves.



On Alaska's North Slope the temperature may plummet to minus 60° in the winter. Industry production from the Slope is expected to total about 2 million barrels (84 million gallons) of oil a day.

The United States will remain the largest oil-consuming country during this period, and will become increasingly dependent on imported oil. Discoveries in the U.S. have not kept up with consumption for some time, and production is now actually declining.

An enormous goal.

Present and future demand for oil is massive. To meet the expected growth, the industry would have to add about 4 million barrels a day of producing capacity each year. To produce this much oil, the industry would have to find about 20 billion barrels a year—the equivalent of two fields the size of Alaska's Prudhoe Bay. By 1980, the required amount could be 30 billion barrels a year.

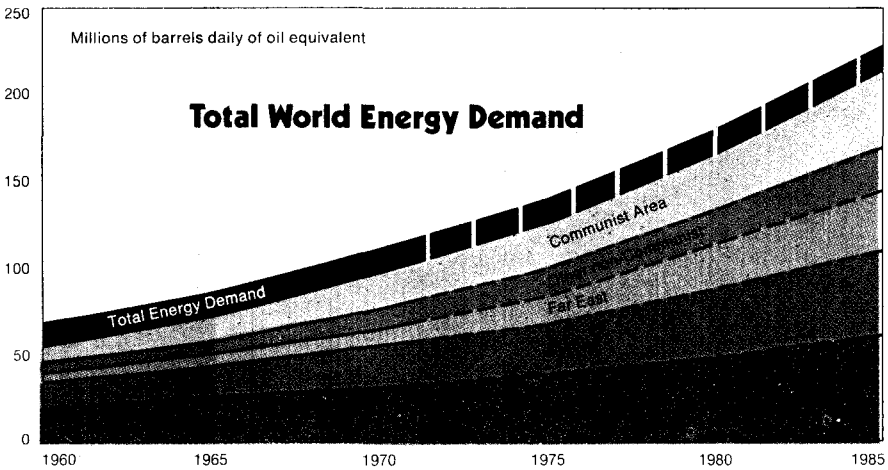
The physical and financial challenge of finding and producing this much new oil each year is enormous.

At the present time, about two-thirds of the world's known oil reserves are in the Middle East and North Africa. About half of total reserves are in the countries bordering the Persian—or Arabian—Gulf.

Despite the fact that significant recent discoveries have been made in the North Sea and other areas, they are small in relation to demand. Therefore the world will necessarily be dependent on the Middle East for an increasing share of its oil supplies for some years to come. Raising Middle East production at an adequate rate will require an all-out effort.

Even Middle East supplies are not limitless, and Middle East governments can be expected to watch closely the rate at which their resources are depleted. Furthermore, continued expansion in the Middle East could be affected by the concern of some Middle Eastern countries over their ability to invest additional income gained from increased oil production.

It is important then to continue our efforts to find oil in all parts of the world. Although the industry



Demand has been growing steadily. Assuming no significant limitations in available supply, the outlook is for sustained growth, almost doubling world consumption by 1985.

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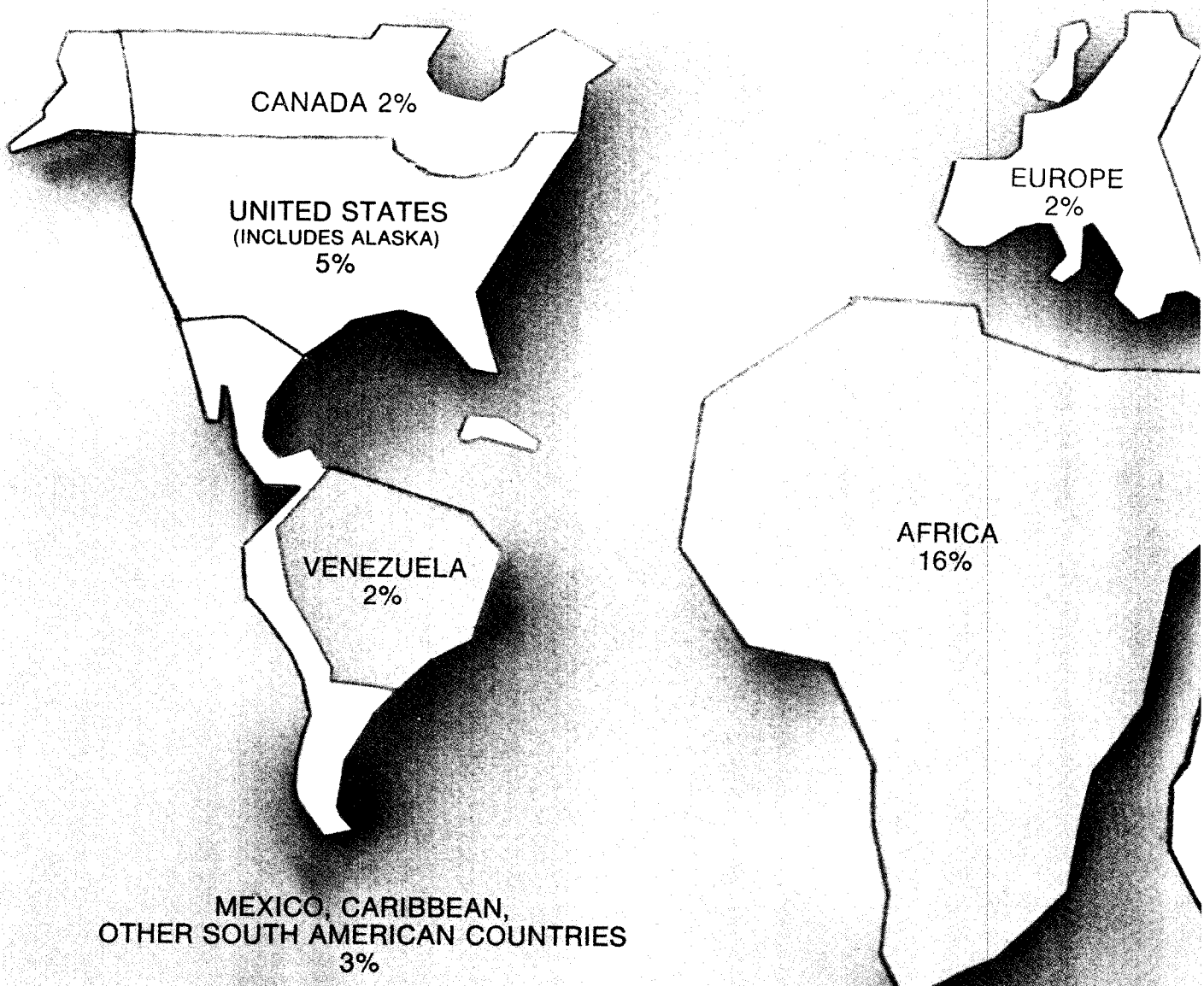

The world of known oil reserves.

Percentages are shares of the world's known, extractable oil reserves in each area.

SOURCE: *Oil & Gas Journal*—December 25, 1972

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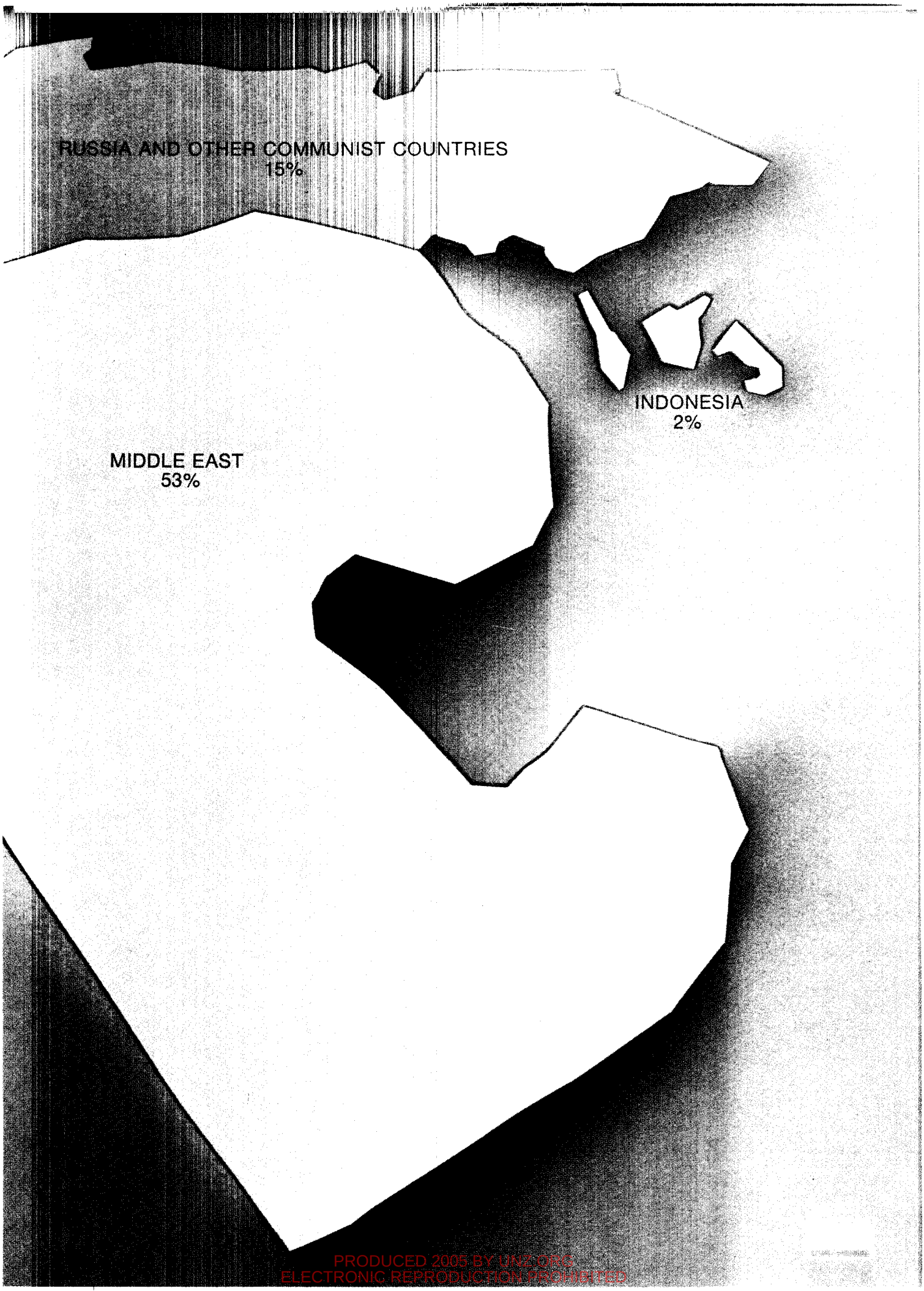

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Extending beyond U.S. shores is an enormous undersea ledge called the continental shelf. This land mass is rich in oil and natural gas deposits. Some geologists estimate there may be nearly as much oil under this shelf as has ever been found onshore in the history of the U.S. To date there has been active exploration and production only off the coasts of Louisiana, Texas and California.

may find itself with a modest surplus from time to time, consumers will probably have to live with the fact that surges in demand, delays in planned oil-producing capacity, unexpected restrictions by governments of producing countries, or any other major supply disruption could lead to shortages in the U.S. and other world markets.

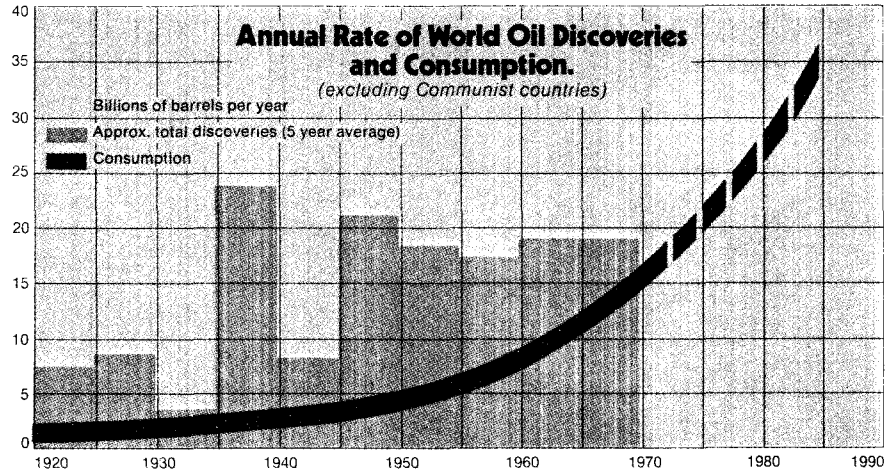
Why it's harder to find oil.

The effort to find new oil has been accelerating in recent years, but it's not as easy as it used to be. Our industry has to search in increasingly difficult environments such as the Arctic and North Sea.

Despite the industry's best efforts, oil findings (See chart below) have held at a fairly constant rate in recent years.

The very large fields of the Middle East represent discoveries whose size is unmatched in the history of oil. It is hard to foresee any other prospective area that could make such a contribution in the future.

It would thus seem imprudent to plan the world's energy supplies on the assumption that it would be possible to accelerate discoveries of crude oil to parallel the rising consumption. Even if demand growth is moderated—as we believe it must be—we need to face the fact that the world's conventional oil resources will not indefinitely support increases in production.



Oil discoveries until now have exceeded consumption. Most experts agree that future discoveries are unlikely to keep pace with consumption.

Two important things we must all do.

To prepare for such a situation, and for an orderly transition into a new energy era, every consuming nation must create a political and economic environment that will encourage energy conservation and speed the development of other conventional and nonconventional energy sources.

The U.S. has wider choices than many other nations because of the scale of our basic energy resources. We have such options as these:

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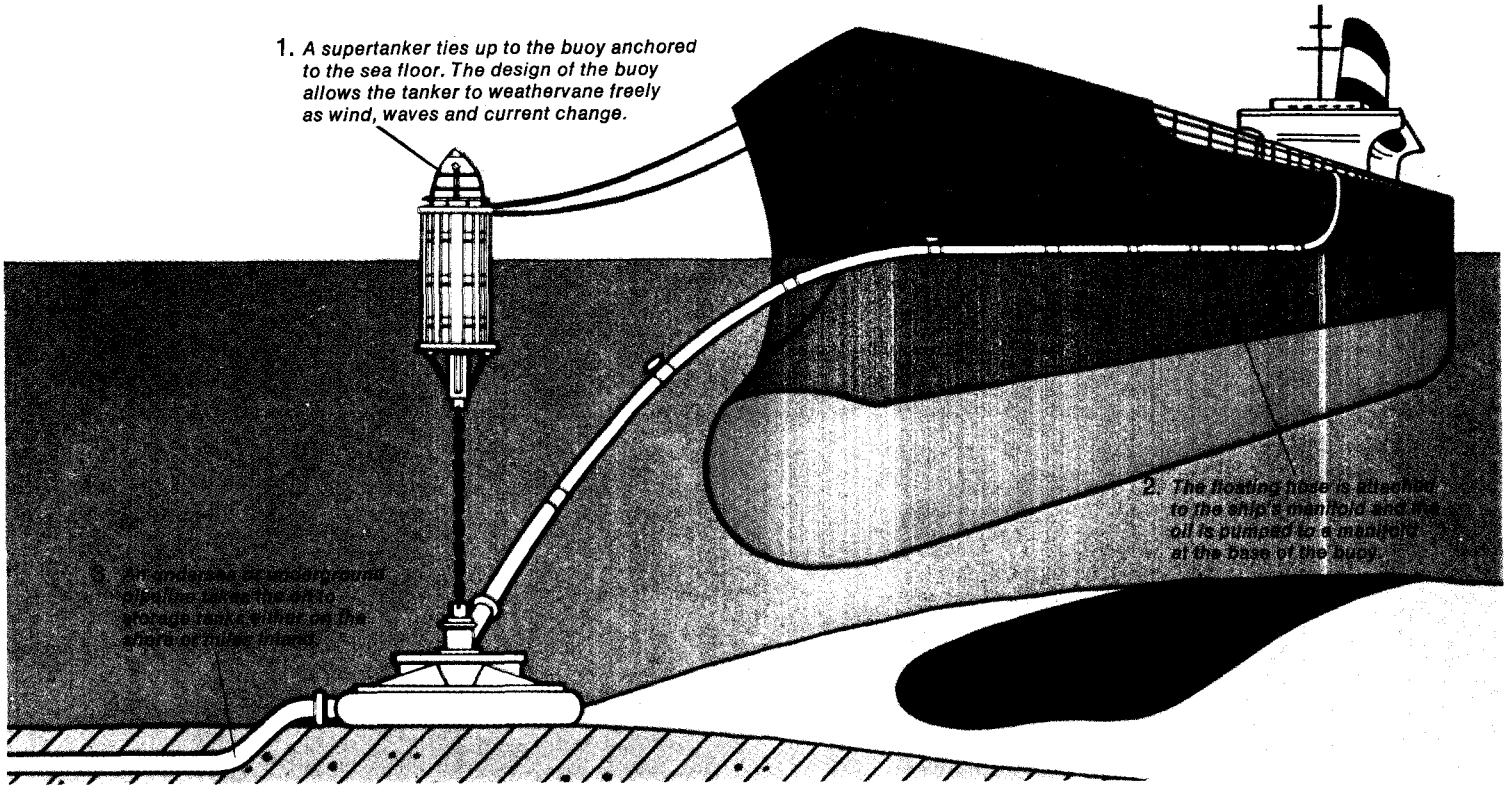

1. A supertanker ties up to the buoy anchored to the sea floor. The design of the buoy allows the tanker to weathervane freely as wind, waves and current change.
2. The floating hose is attached to the ship's manifold and the oil is pumped to a manifold at the base of the buoy.
3. An underwater or subsurface pipeline carries the oil to storage tanks either on the shore or miles inland.

A deepwater terminal allows supertankers to load or unload miles from shore. There are over 100 deepwater terminals around the world. They permit countries that have no deepwater ports to take advantage of the economies of supertankers. Because the U.S. has no deepwater ports, this system is being proposed for sections of the East and Gulf Coasts.

■ Use more coal, both directly and as a source of synthetic oil and gas. America has perhaps a third of the world's coal supply.

■ Speed the pace of nuclear power plant construction. Increase research on more advanced nuclear technology and the direct recovery of solar energy.

■ Implement government programs to advance the commercial development of shale oil. Large deposits exist, but there are long-term technological and environmental problems to be solved.

■ Reduce gasoline consumption through the use of lighter, more efficient automobiles; car pools; better vehicle operation and maintenance; and auto emission controls and other devices designed with fuel economy in mind.

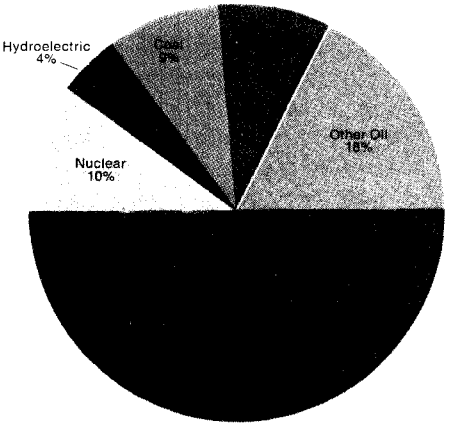
■ Improve rail and bus systems for short to moderate length interurban transportation, to provide a better balance with auto and air travel.

■ Rewrite residential and commercial building standards to save energy used for heating, air conditioning and lighting.

■ Develop new ways to generate power more efficiently, controlling air pollution and energy consumption at the same time.

■ Resolve conflicts between environmental goals and energy resource development through appropriate government processes.

There is no time to waste if the United States and other major energy-consuming countries are to adjust to the changed situation that lies ahead. Government leadership will be essential in setting goals and policies. In the United States a start on an energy program has been made.



Where the increase in the non-Communist world's energy supply might come from between now and 1976

These figures reflect economic, safety and environmental restrictions on the production and use of coal; reserve and transportation limitations on natural gas; and continued delays in nuclear power development.

In this context, the President has directed the council on Environmental Quality to prepare within one year environmental impact statements for exploration and development in the Atlantic and Gulf of Alaska outer continental shelf areas. This is a useful step even though significant production cannot be obtained from these areas in this decade.

This country also needs deepwater terminals to handle—with greater safety and efficiency than existing facilities—increasing amounts of imported crude and heavy fuel oil.

It may be necessary for both American industry and citizens to alter some of the ways they work and live.

In our desire to achieve rapid economic growth and higher standards of living, we Americans have been prodigal with resources that

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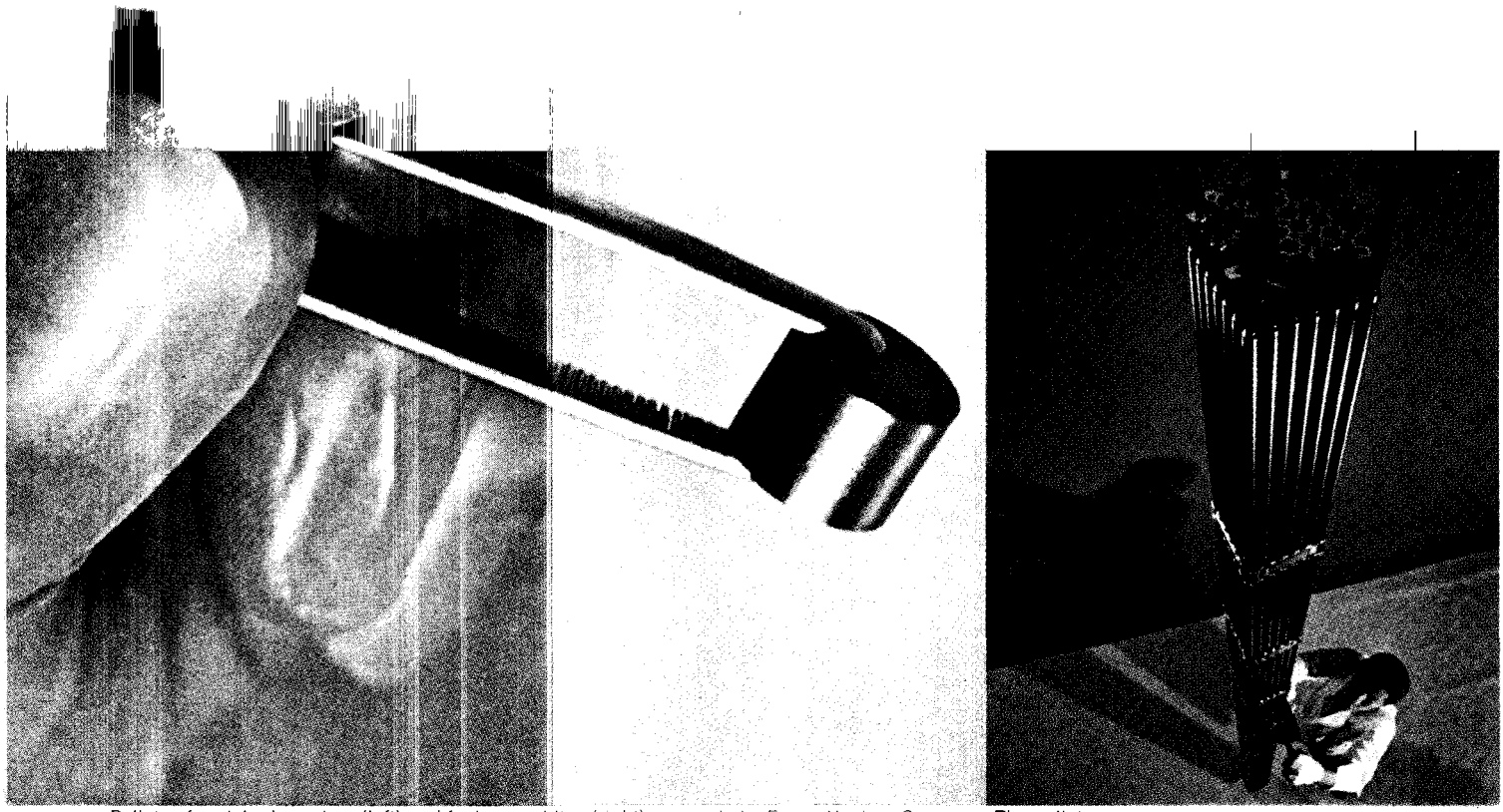

Pellets of enriched uranium (left) and fuel assemblies (right) are made by Exxon Nuclear Company. The pellets are inserted into rods, and the rods are grouped to form assemblies which make up the core or "furnace" of a nuclear reactor. An assembly, like the one shown, can generate enough electricity to run 16,000 average homes a year.

once seemed limitless. Recent developments have made us all more conscious that energy resources, as well as air, water and usable space, are finite.

With new attitudes on these matters, it should be possible to achieve coordinated goals and a balanced, more satisfying way of life—without having to choose between running out of fuel or running out of clean air and water.

What Exxon is doing today for tomorrow.

We have already pointed out what Exxon is doing to increase its output of gasoline and other products for the next several years. Our efforts are also directed at developing alternate forms of energy and synthetic energy sources for the future. To highlight a few of those efforts:

■ Exxon is exploring for uranium in the U.S. and abroad. From our mine in Wyoming, we are extracting 2800 tons of uranium ore a day.

Exxon Nuclear Company is a major supplier of uranium and plutonium fission reactor fuels. We are providing finished fuel and services to ten nuclear plants in the U.S. and to three in Europe.

■ To date we have invested over $20 million in research aimed at converting coal into synthetic fuels. One process turns coal into a gas which can be upgraded to a fuel comparable to natural gas. Work at our pilot plant indicates that this process may be less complex and less expensive than other gasification processes being developed.

Another Exxon process turns coal into low-sulfur fuel oil or synthetic crude oil. This may be applicable to low- and high-sulfur coal.

It will take several years and over $150 million in development costs before either Exxon process is available for commercial use.

■ Exxon is also developing processes that would allow utility companies to use the high-sulfur coal that our country has in abundance. When high-sulfur coal is burned today, it produces sulfur oxides which can pollute our air.

One process, being developed for the U.S. Government, would reduce the formation of sulfur oxides as the coal is burned. The other process, being developed with a major power plant builder and several electric utilities, would remove most sulfur oxides from the flue gas —after combustion but before the gas escapes from the stack.

Again, both processes look promising, and one of them—flue gas desulfurization—is ready to be demonstrated commercially.

These are some of the things Exxon is doing to help expand our nation's energy supplies. We will continue to work on new energy technology and look for more efficient systems for the use of energy.

And we will be cooperating fully with the government and the public in this country, and in all the countries in which we do business, to help build a better economic and human environment.

EXXON

We'd like you to know.

If you would like more information, write: Energy, Exxon Corporation, 1251 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS
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Environmentalists and Energy Crisis

It is ironic that those who have argued longest for the conservation of energy—the environmentalists—have been the last to acknowledge that the energy shortage is of crisis proportions. Now the President's call for stringent measures, some of which should have been imposed long ago, has put environmentalists on the defensive as they see some of their most cherished legislation threatened—principally the Clean Air Act of 1970 and efforts to place tight controls on strip-mining.

Much of the debate of recent months seems somewhat academic today. Now that the federal government has acknowledged an emergency, environmentalists have escaped at least one serious danger and are granted new opportunities. The danger was that by their rigid adherence to any relaxation of the provisions of the Clean Air Act they would invite a backlash that would not have served the cause of orderly and steady improvement of the environment. Now the onus is lifted from the environmentalists: If driving is seriously curtailed, it will not be because environmentalists insisted that there be no relaxation in the 1976 standards for ambient air in cities; if Americans are cold this winter to the point of suffering, it will not be because environmentalists fought against any lowering of standards for the sulphur content of fuels.

Although the energy crisis may adversely affect air quality standards in the short run, it also strengthens opportunities in many areas. Only a fuel shortage of the impending dimensions could succeed in impressing upon the American people the need for measures that environmentalists have long called for. For example:

- A shift to small cars.
- Alternative modes of transportation with some modest appeal.
- Adequate funding for research on other sources of power and a more efficient use of present systems.
- New architecture and design of all kinds that are energy conserving.
- A demand that industrial technology serve the public good.
- A public consciousness that each one of our worldly possessions requires energy in manufacture, if not in use.
- A public awareness of individual responsibility for energy conservation.

A temporary relaxation of air quality standards would seem to be a small price to pay if some or all of these things, in varying degree, can be accomplished. Nevertheless, environmentalists are rightly concerned that the emergency will be used (*has* been used) as an excuse to vitiate what little has been accomplished to protect or enhance the environment. Strip-mining legislation is a particularly significant test of this contention. A concomitant fear is that relaxation of standards will reward those who have been least energetic and successful in meeting those standards.

Yet the spectacle of environmentalists now defending the catalytic converter is disconcerting, and their arguments sound rather like a rationale for preserving the Clean Air Act at any cost. Our own view is that Detroit's failure should not be imposed on the American people, and General Motor's sudden enthusiasm for its catalytic converter does not reassure us. The longer Detroit pursues this road, the greater its investment in it becomes and the more difficult it will be to shift to a technology that is simpler, more effective, and more economical. In any case the stringent curbs on driving required to meet the ambient air standards mandated for 1976 or 1977—curbs that EPA Administrator Russell Train has called "unreasonable"—may be with us sooner than they had been anticipated, and not out of environmental concern.

Water Shortages

Japan, Great Britain, and Germany are among the countries in which present or anticipated water shortages have been in the news. A drought this past summer made Japan's problem the most immediately critical; public water supplies were cut back 7 percent, and in Tokyo major users, such as industrial plants and hotels, had their supply reduced by 20 percent. All manner of water-saving devices are being put on the market.

In Britain reservoirs are lower than they have been for years, and London has been posted with vivid signs reading, Don't Waste Water. It May Be Scarce This Year. A major problem is that no one wants so much as another acre of Britain's precious land flooded for water storage.

West Germany's concern is somewhat longer range, but a study by the Battelle Institute of Frankfurt has forecast a total exhaustion of the nation's water table reserves by the end of the century, by which time demand is expected to have tripled. Germany could use its surface water far more extensively if it were not so polluted. While a lot of confidence is being placed on the economic desalinization of water within the next two decades, Hamburg is already considering plans to import water from Scandinavia.

Global Report

Tokyo—Even before the Arab oil states turned the screws the first notch, Japan's Ministry of Trade and Industry published a white paper proposing an increase in nuclear-generating capacity from the present 1.8 million kilowatts to 60 million kilowatts in twelve years. If this incredibly ambitious goal is adopted and reached, nuclear energy would provide about 25 percent of Japan's estimated electricity needs in 1985. At present, there are five reactors that provide 3 percent of Japan's generating capacity.

Santa Marta, Colombia—ALACODE is an acronym (in Spanish) for the Latin American Demographic Communicators Association, a body of journalists concerned with the population problems of the region. But so controversial is the issue and so strident the disagreements among its members that ALACODE decided at a meeting here to change the word *Demografico* in its title to *Desarrollo* ("Development"), thereby fudging the issue without changing the association's abbreviated name. The change, it was announced, "was a logical outcome of the general agreement among the participating editors that 'population' was an integral part of 'development.' " Nevertheless, ALACODE's news service, produced in newspaper format and distributed to

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the media throughout Latin America, is still called *El Demografico.*

Izmir, Turkey—Representatives of the tobacco industry in the major producing and importing states met here in November to discuss mutual interests and to congratulate themselves that business is booming. Despite all the warnings about the health hazards of smoking, the past decade has seen an increase of 12 percent in world tobacco production and a 40 percent increase in export sales, which now amount to $1.5 billion. The developing nations account for one-third of this total, compared with one-fifth a decade ago—proving that pollution is indeed spreading to the less industrialized nations.

Frankfurt—At the motor show here, Porsche exhibited a car designed to last for twenty years or 200,000 miles. If it is ever put into production, it is expected to cost only about 30 percent more than conventional models. The details of its specifications are less interesting than the fact that a major manufacturer has demonstrated the feasibility of what environmentalists have long called for: cars without built-in obsolescence. But Porsche assured critics within the auto industry that it has no plans for going into production.

Albany, N.Y.—The Department of Transportation has found a new use for old autos. Junked cars are crushed into blocks, covered with three inches of concrete, and placed along stream embankments that are vulnerable to erosion. The state also buys about one hundred tons of old tires each year; they provide a rubber additive used in sealing the joints of cement highways.

Paris—The Special Environment Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce met here recently to consider drafts of "Environmental Guidelines for International Economic Activity"—a sort of code of conduct for multinational corporations and governments in their relations with one another and with the environment. The idea for a set of guidelines was put forward at the ICC's congress in Rio de Janeiro last May by Ian MacGregor, chief executive officer of American Metal Climax and chairman of the U.S. Council of the ICC.

Not surprisingly, the most ambitious draft submitted for consideration here was that of the U.S. Council. Issues treated included: harmonization of standards, policies, and criteria; avoidance of non-tariff barriers to trade; allocation of pollution-control costs; technology, monitoring, and consultation procedures.

The problems faced by the drafters were formidable. First, as befits an organization with developed and developing member nations, the guidelines had to be suitable for both, although the problems and considerations relevant to each are quite different. Second, the guidelines had to disguise the fact that the ICC is really more interested in addressing governments than its own constituency. The advice proposed in the drafts was not necessarily self-serving and was often sound, but the impression was inescapable that international business was proposing guidelines primarily for host governments.

Land Misuse

In plumping for land-use legislation, the Environmental Protection Agency offered a sampling of things as they are and of things to come. Under the heading "Some Salient Facts" were the following:

- 4 billion tons of sediment are washed into streams annually as a result of land misuse.
- 1,687,288 acres of wildlife habitat have been destroyed by surface mining.
- 3,187,825 acres of land have been despoiled by surface mining.
- 17,197,531 acres of wetlands have been destroyed in seven states alone (45.7 percent of the wetland area of Arkansas, California, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and Missouri).
- 25 million tons of logging debris are left in forests every year.
- 4 million acres of right-of-way are traversed by over 300,000 miles of overhead transmission lines.
- 1 million (approximately) acres of forests are clear-cut annually.
- 4 billion tons of raw materials are consumed annually in U.S. production, most of which are eventually disposed of as waste on the land.

Looking into the future, EPA offered these "conservative projections":

- 19.7 million acres may be consumed by urban sprawl by the year 2000—an area equivalent to the states of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island.
- 3.5 million acres may be paved over for highways and airports by 2000.
- 5 million acres may be lost to agriculture for public facilities, second-home development, and waste-control projects by 2000.
- 492 power stations may be built by 1990, many of them requiring cooling ponds of 2000 acres or more.
- 2 million acres of right-of-way may be required by 1990 for 200,000 additional miles of power lines.

Fairbanks, Alaska—For nearly eighteen months environmental data on air pressure, temperature, and ice movements in the Arctic Ocean have been received here from unmanned buoys, their messages being relayed on command via satellite. The evidence that the 340-pound buoys can operate successfully in the harsh environment of the Arctic is encouraging to meteorologists, who believe that regular reports from the polar regions, where much of the world's weather develops, will greatly improve forecasting.

Not all the buoys tested lasted so long; but the fact that some could survive two summers, when the danger of being crushed by moving ice is greatest, was more than was hoped for by the experiment's sponsors, the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration and the National Science Foundation.

Chicago—In the years 1970 through 1973, sales of chemical fertilizers in the United States grew at a rate of nearly 11 percent annually. Production next year is not expected to meet demand. As for chemical pesticides, one estimate is that the American farmer will spend eight to nine dollars per acre by 1975, compared with twenty-five cents per acre twenty years ago. No environmental impact statement on the consequences of these figures is available.

Rockville, Maryland—General Solar Corporation manufactures tinted plastic sheets that can be laminated to ordinary window glass to keep out "as much as 80 percent of the sun's heat from your building." The sheets are marketed under the slogan For Year-Round Energy Conservation, but the company does not say how its product conserves energy in winter.

Tashkent—In the past eight years, 17.5 million acres of newly irrigated and drained land have been put under cultivation, and the pace is increasing. Yet the Central Committee of the Communist party of the Soviet Union is dissatisfied. It accuses the Ministry of Land Reclamation and Water Resources and its subagencies of low labor productiv-

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ity, unwarranted delay, poor quality of work, scatteration of effort, and "feeble" organization. The Kara Kum Construction Administration in the Turkmen Republic, due west of here, fulfilled only 35 percent of its planned construction last year.

More than a million workers are employed by water management organizations in the Soviet Union, in spite of the fact that many irrigation projects are highly automated and some use electronic computers to forecast flows. According to *Pravda*, the Ministry of Land Reclamation and Water Resources lacks technical competence in these areas and "is pinning all its hopes on other departments," which have other fish to fry. Also, the irrigation-construction administrations continue to operate the farms when completed, on the grounds that the agricultural agencies don't know how, while the state agricultural departments are reluctant to take over management of the farms because, they say, the irrigation systems are often faulty and no budgets are available for repairing them.

For a Coal Severance Tax

With the urgent demand for increased coal production and the spread of strip-mining to western states, the time is ripe for a federal severance tax on all coal mined in, or imported into, the United States. Some who favor such a tax believe that it should be used only for land reclamation, but a good case can be made for a tax sufficient to cover reclamation and a percentage for state and county treasuries as well.

A few states already have severance taxes, but most are insignificant, and of the major coal-producing states, only Kentucky has such a tax, legislated last year and amounting to thirty cents a ton. In the other principal coal-producing states—West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Virginia—passage of a severance tax has so far proved politically unpalatable.

The Sport Fishing Institute, which is campaigning for a national coal severance tax for land reclamation, is using McDowell County, West Virginia, as a devastating example of the impact of coal mining—not merely the environmental destruction, but the social and economic implications as well.

In the past eighty-five years, McDowell County has produced more than 1.32 billion tons of coal, worth an estimated $5 billion when mined. Coal valued at about $725 million a year is still being extracted, and at present rates the known reserves will last for another 125 years. Yet per capita income in the county is only 65 percent of the national average, and welfare costs alone exceed property taxes.

Since 1946, when John L. Lewis won a bitter battle for a five-cents-a-ton royalty to be paid to the United Mine Workers Welfare and Retirement Fund, about $165 million has been contributed from coal production in McDowell County alone. Today the royalty is sixty cents, and when the figure goes to eighty cents next May, coal production in the county will add $12 million a year to the fund.

The accumulated devastation of the land and water in McDowell County is such that, even if a comparable sum were made available for reclamation, it would require years to make a dent in the river, soil, and visual pollution. The U.S. Soil Conservation Service estimates that the county has 10,000 acres of unreclaimed strip mines, and the slag heaps of abandoned and active underground mines run to uncounted thousands. The minimum cost for reclaiming strip-mined land is $3000 per acre—almost certainly too low a figure for the West Virginian terrain. Thus, $30 million is a starting figure and would relieve the poverty of the county only marginally.

But for states that have not already had vast tracts of land destroyed, a coal severance tax would provide the only firm protection against future desolation, which even the pending strip-mining legislation in Congress fails to ensure. Our society cannot afford any more replications of McDowell County, which has provided enough coal to fill a string of rail cars reaching ten times around the world and has only scars and poverty to show for it.

The Heedless Passage Toward Social Disintegration

The Fairfield Osborn Memorial Lecture at Rockefeller University was delivered this year by Maurice F. Strong, executive director of the United Nations Environment Program. He discussed the "outer limits" to the burdens the biosphere can stand, elaborated "a strategy for global environmental security," and defined "the new internationalism" needed to cope with environmental problems. The excerpts that follow focus primarily on Mr. Strong's assessment of the danger mankind faces—thereby emphasizing the least positive, but possibly most interesting, parts of his lecture.

As we approach the final quarter of this, the twentieth century, it is difficult to escape a deep sense that we are on a runaway course—out of control in a headlong, heedless passage along seemingly fixed pathways. This could produce, if not a global cataclysm, a series of more limited catastrophies affecting large segments of the world's population and posing an acute moral, economic, and political dilemma to the whole global community.

One feels the chilling effect of time closing upon us—time for the exercise of options still remaining open to us, time to choose alternative courses for the human future, time to understand what Fairfield Osborn and a few others tried so hard to tell us: We cannot go on like this forever.

Restraints there must be. Some of these are placed upon us, if we have the wit to see it, by the very nature of our planet and the continued availability of its bounty. Others are consequent upon our interdependence with the natural system and our exploitation of it.

There is room for argument as to just how severe some of these restraints may be, just what their effects may be, and even whether some of them are long-term or transitory phenomena. But it is enough to point out that in the case of the two most critical world resources—food and energy—there has been a significant shift from buyer's to seller's markets, there is a dramatic inflation in world prices, there have been sharp shifts in world trade patterns, and there is increasing competition for access to supplies with an alarming potential for international conflict.

There are other restraints, other fragilities, other systems, that are likely to reach their breaking points before an all-out collision between man's activities and the natural environment.

For man's impact on the physical elements of the biosphere stems entirely from his economic and social behavior. The increasing awareness of physical constraints will manifest first in accelerating pressures on his political and social systems, the value and behavior patterns that they reflect, and

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the institutions through which man seeks to manage his affairs.

Our institutional structures at all levels of government already are showing signs of severe strain. National governments increasingly seem to be overwhelmed by the sheer magnitude and complexity of novel problems in decision making brought on by the cumulative and interacting effects of population growth, industrialization, urbanization, resource depletion, environmental degradation, and unrestrained consumerism. Qualitatively new problems of choice seem to lead to a hardening of the arteries in decision-making procedures that threatens to lead to institutional paralysis, or to a blind insistence on continuing to deal with issues rendered obsolete by the course of events, or, at best, to crash reactions in an atmosphere of panic conducive to actions all too likely to be technically wrong or politically repugnant or both.

The larger self-interest of all nations today is inevitably merged in the inescapable web of interdependencies that characterizes the technological civilizations. This requires a cooperative approach to managing the interacting relationships between resources—their development, distribution, and use; technology—its orientation and use; and the minimal needs for sustaining decent standards of human life and protecting the environment on which that life depends. These interlocking subjects must move to the top of the world's agenda for thought and action. And they are ultimately inseparable from the issues of war and peace and national security that have preoccupied us up to now. The potential for conflict in such issues as the competition for resources, lopsided deployment of technological power, pursuit by nations of activities that inflict environmental damage on others, and unequal pressures created by population growth is as great as the incentives they provide for cooperative action to deal with them.

At best, the approach to restraints on resources and to environmental limits means a serious crunch for the world at large between now and at least the turn of the century. It is still possible to avoid the worst implications of this, but we need time to get some measure of control or discipline over those activities that are at odds with a viable natural system. We need time to adapt scientific and technological priorities to the imperatives of contemporary life. We need time to reform institutional structures—and lifestyles, too.

To grasp the dimensions of the coming crunch, one needs only to pose the question of how the world is going to provide food, shelter, jobs, health and educational services for twice as many people in the next three to five decades.

Unless there is strong, rapid, even radical action on the new international priorities—resources, population, technology, and environment—we are, in my considered judgment, headed for disasters almost too dreadful to contemplate—even worse, I feel bound to say, than the organized killing by wars between states. And our moral responsibility will be equally as great in that these disasters are still within our power to prevent. They are not inevitable, though clearly they are probable if we continue on our present course.

For if we fail to act decisively, we shall surely slip—perhaps slowly at first and then on an accelerating slide—into decisions and non-decisions, actions and non-actions, the outcome of which will determine who survives and who does not, who makes it and who goes under. If we respond only to immediate pressures, if we fail to plan ahead, if we compete instead of cooperate under conditions of shortages and pressures and conflicts and crises, we shall start breaking the bonds of interdependence in blind reversion to nationalism, protectionism, and parochialism. The fabric of world community, so painfully constructed, would begin to disintegrate into ghettos of affluence and privilege struggling to resist the encroachment of a mounting tide of poverty and despair.

Some such collapse of the social order would, in my view, happen well before we reach the theoretical physical outer limits of the finite natural system.

Periodicals

Geothermal Energy Magazine is a new monthly so unabashedly promotional as to be quite unreliable, so extravagant in its claims as to persuade only those who are already true believers in the geothermal potential. The cause deserves better. Moreover, the magazine's authors are angry: at EPA for requiring environmental impact statements; at IRS for refusing depletion allowances; at Wall Street for failing to produce investment capital; and at all levels of government for failure to provide tax incentives. They may be right, but a magazine designed for "the lay public" will have to be more convincing. (318 Cherrywood Street, West Covina, California 91791, $35 per year.)

Man-Environment Systems describes itself as "a forum for communications bearing on the interface between research in the behavioral sciences and the design and management of the sociophysical environment." If anyone is still interested, these loose-leaf reports, articles, and bibliographies appearing six times a year actually fill a need in an expanding field of great potential concern. But clearly *MES* is not for everyman. (Published by the Association for the Study of Man-Environment Relations, Inc., P.O. Box 57, Orangeburg, New York 10962, $12 per year; student $6.)

Environmental Education Report is a monthly newsletter of eight pages covering developments, programs, and materials at all levels of environmental education. It keeps close track of the Washington scene as it may affect the field and contains periodic reports on environmental education in other countries. (Published by Environmental Educators, Inc., 1621 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009, $25 per year.)

Instant Exchange is an occasional newsletter of the Alliance for Environmental Education, which has twenty-two institutional members comprising most of the large U.S. organizations concerned with the environment and with either formal or adult education. The format is flexible, and the purpose is to communicate quickly whatever may be useful to its members. Thus *Instant Exchange* is not available on a subscription basis, but those who are seriously involved in environmental education may direct inquiries to the Alliance at the University of Wisconsin—Green Bay, Green Bay, Wisconsin 54302.

STEP News/International, a new publication in newspaper format, reports what young environmentalists are doing, mostly in the United States. STEP stands for Students Toward Environmental Participation, an extracurricular high school program sponsored by the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO and the U.S. National Park Service. The commission seeks to be a clearinghouse for information on environmental activities at the local level, both in the United States and abroad, and will disseminate such information through this periodical. (1835 K Street, N.W., Suite 302, Washington, D.C. 20006. No charge, but tax-deductible contributions to the commission are welcomed.)

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Theater

True Storey

By Henry Hewes

Amnon Ben Nomis

"The Contractor"—A portrait of the ups and downs of changing Britain.

British playwright David Storey is batting 1.000. Two of his plays (*Home* and *The Changing Room*) recently won the New York Drama Critics Circle awards as the best plays of their respective seasons. Now a third work, *The Contractor*, which was written before the other two, has been produced by the Chelsea Theater Center at its new Chelsea Manhattan playhouse, and it may well be the best of the three.

The Contractor takes place on two evocatively unimportant days, the day before and the day after the wedding of a self-made industrialist's daughter. On these days the "successful" Ewbank comes to realize the sad fact that wealth has not freed him from the disadvantages of class distinction and that it has prevented him from achieving meaningful relationships with either the men he employs or his "up-a-class" children.

The play begins easily, with Ewbank's workmen erecting before our eyes a wedding tent on Ewbank's lawn. Ewbank's attitudes are almost as coarse as the workmen's. (He laments to them the necessity of educating a daughter when, after all, "women are only good for one damn thing. And for that you don't have to read a book.") But his ownership of a fancy house makes him overly concerned that the tent poles will mark up the lawn, and his reluctantly acquired gentility makes him nervous that some woman in the house might be shocked at the sight of a workman taking a leak in the shrubbery.

THE EMBODIMENT of Ewbank's absurd tragedy is his idle son, Paul ("Oxford, Cambridge . . . ask him anything and he'll come up with the answer"). Paul detests the artificial values of his parents and stubbornly seeks to establish a more "real" relationship with the world by helping erect the tent. Ewbank is upset at the sight of Paul doing a six-shilling-an-hour job after spending thousands of pounds on his education.

As for Ewbank's daughter, Claire, her marriage to a young doctor seems a rather pallid venture compared with the elaborate and hard work that is going into its celebration. The before-our-eyes raising of the tent suggests the seldom-realized hopes for marriage and family life, and their beginning phase of hard work and first accomplishment. The second-act process of decorating the tent reflects the next phase of marriage: the tinselly enjoyment of what one has earned and achieved and the coasting along with less real work and more dependence on the sweat of others. And the third act, in which the tent is taken down, parallels the old-age descent into reality, when one sees the naked emptiness of the struggle.

There are also marvelous overtones about the failure of the Industrial Revolution, supplied by the senile, but nonetheless wise, comments of Ewbank's father. Old Ewbank was once a proud and talented artisan, who first made rope by hand and then became an expert rigger and maker of tents. In the old days such work was poorly paid. But in the machine age, his son, though far less good with his hands, was able to expand his father's craft into a lucrative business.

The workmen who make Ewbank's prosperity possible are no longer proud artisans but "the dregs of society," who work cheap for Ewbank because nobody else will employ them. In compensation for their low pay, the workmen retain the freedom to mock their employer to his face. The more extroverted, lively moments of the play are provided by their salty banter and edgy quarrels. Their foreman, Kay, is a monument of humiliation; though capable of taking responsibility, he has been forced into a life of indignity and endured subservience, both by his own weakness and by the necessity of providing for a wife and four daughters.

The four workmen are Bennett, a man destroyed by his wife's scornful infidelity; Glenny, a gullible moron cruelly teased but ultimately loved by the others; and Marshall and Fitzpatrick, a pair of Irish drifters, whose fantastical dialogues are more naturally entertaining than the interchanges of Beckett's allusively allegorical pair of tramps in *Waiting for Godot*. Fitzpatrick, in particular, is a master of the art of turning accusations and insults back on those who make them. His remarks are often caustic and destructive, but he has a fine sense of humor and a keen perception of who and where he is.

The New York production, which came to us via New Haven's Long Wharf Theater, beautifully realizes the play. The most indelible portraits are Joseph Maher's quick-witted Fitzpatrick and Kevin O'Connor's saintlike Glenny. But under Barry Davis's splendid direction, the entire company has succeeded in breathing life and truth into David Storey's indirect profundities and lovely landscape of luminous sorrows.

ALSO COMING TO NEW YORK from resident-theater beginnings is the new musical *Raisin*, which premiered last May at Washington's Arena Stage. The show has been adapted by Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg from the late Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun*. It now has unobtrusive songs written by Judd Woldin and Robert Britten plus a nice dance-acting style imposed on it by choreographer-director Donald McKayle. Although the dance numbers often seem extraneous, and the action more past remembrance than present concern, *Raisin* creates several thrilling moments and offers superbly disciplined performances, most notably those of Ernestine Jackson and young Ralph Carter. □

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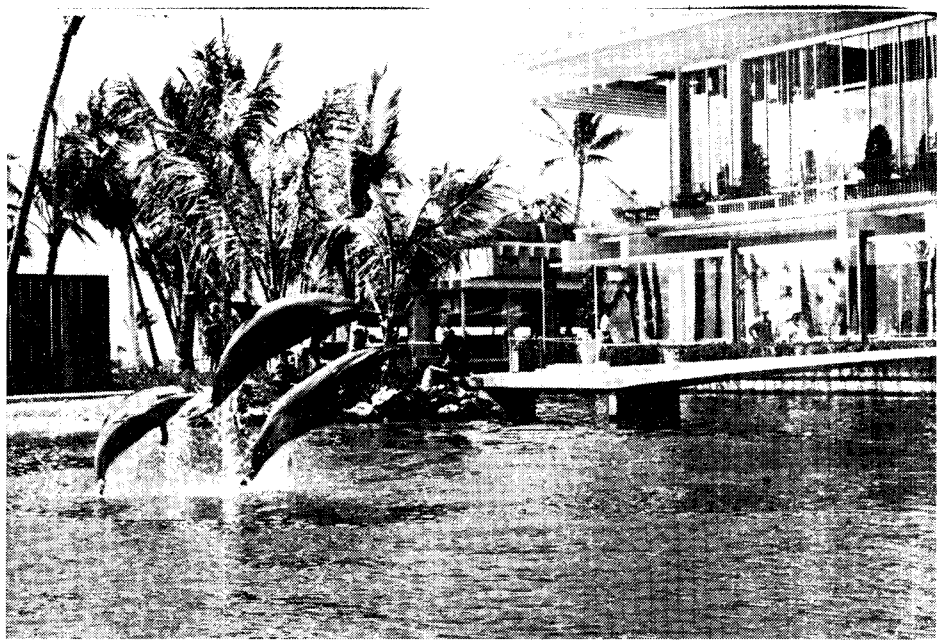
Some Christmas Thoughts of Eden

By Horace Sutton



Flipping over the Kahala—In the Maile Room glazed pineapple and glazed eyes.

Hawaii is dreaming of a Japanese Christmas. Last year there were 30,000 visitors from Nippon in the islands during Christmas week, following the little pennants held by their tour guides, obediently boarding buses, spilling out of elevators in massed formation, and offering to buy everything from fifty aloha shirts, provided that they were all alike, to the nearest private home, whether or not it was for sale.

To be sure, Christmas week is no Japanese observance, despite the fact that Tokyo stores dress for it in a manner that would attract the envy of American merchants from Marshall Field to Macy. But the hectic stretch from Christmas to the edge of the New Year is also the time of Japan's traditional mid-winter break. Tokyo hotels catch the domestic travelers from the provinces by putting up miniature golf courses in unused hallways and ballrooms. The adventurous travelers—spurred by infectious, high-spirited, hard-sell television commercials sponsored by Japan Air Lines—fly off in every direction, especially to Hong Kong, Guam, and Honolulu.

The million-dollar kitty that the Hawaiians spent at Expo '70 in Osaka to sell the Sandwich Islands to Japanese travelers and investors has been paying dividends ever since. In Hawaii there are some who think the return has been overwhelming. The Japanese have contracted to develop 3000 acres on the Big Island, all for resort living. Among their purchases has been the Pearl City Tavern, off the tourist track but nonetheless a revered retreat among islanders, especially because it is the only place in the fiftieth state that bothers to import lobsters from Maine.

Kenji Osano, the Japanese magnate, owns three hotels on Waikiki—the Princess Kaiulani, the Moana, and the Surfrider, all operated by Sheraton. His countrymen have also bought two golf courses, one of them formerly a public course, as well as Chinn Ho's big development at Makaha and *its* two golf courses. A year ago Tokyu Hotels International put $25 million on the table to buy the Hawaiian Regent, a 690-room hotel that it had been managing since the doors swung open late in 1971.

The Hawaiian Regent is said to be the first hotel designed in the United States with the needs of the Japanese traveler in mind. Its signs, menus, and staff are bilingual, and, heaven knows, its reception desk checks in Japanese guests in wholesale lots. Strangely, it also sports such un-Nipponese embellishments as the Point After, an entertainment lounge that rattles the concrete rafters with a barrage of rock, and the Third Floor, an imaginative Western restaurant where Japanese visitors seldom set sandal-shod foot.

The Third Floor is one of the few dining salons in Hawaii, certainly the only other hotel restaurant, to have challenged the Maile Room of the lovely Kahala Hilton, a hotel on a secluded residential spur of land once managed by Robert Burns, one of the principals of Tokyu. A mass of florid banners hangs from the vaulted ceilings of the Third Floor (they are intended to evoke thoughts of Camelot), and so do splendid copper chandeliers. Waters spill from fountains and burble over black river rocks. Guests sit, all but unseen, in high-back rattan chairs.

The combination of Japanese money and American know-how has produced one of the most ecumenical menus in memory. For openers there is *naan*, bread baked in a special oven by an Indian baker who also performed his rite at the Expo '70 in Osaka and Expo '67 in Montreal. On Monday nights he fries the bread, and it is called *puri*. Then comes an assortment of Hawaiian papaya wrapped in Italian prosciutto, Greek olives, Beluga caviar, Japanese *sashimi*, *pâté de foie gras* from Strasbourg, and blue point oysters from eastern America. What follows would satisfy the clients of the U.N. delegates' lounge: Australian lobster tails, Wisconsin veal, Colorado turkey, *kaffe svenska*, *sabayon* reeling from an overdose of Grand Marnier. When I last looked in at the Third Floor, a quartet of minstrels called the Love Sound was floating among the tables. They had been imported from the Philippines.

In contrast, the Kahala's Maile Room is less of a happening, less dynamic, and more sedate. It brings in shrimp, not from the delta, but from Taiwan. It imports filets of trevally from New Zealand, dips them in an egg batter, and panfries them with tomatoes and mushrooms. Mahi-mahi, the Hawaiian term for dolphin, is poached in white wine with truffles and tiny shrimp. If the Maile Room does perform any gastronomic sleight of hand that would lift an Escoffier eyebrow, it might be its combination of three filets—beef, veal, and pork, a trio that makes its entrance accompanied by creamed mushrooms, wild rice, and glazed pineapple. The glazed eyes come later.

Few Japanese travelers, few tours of any nationality, invade the serenity of Kahala. It is too apart, too secluded, too separated from the action for most of the up-early-and-swing set. From its balconies that drip with bougainvillaea, the view looks oceanward into the distant forever. In the early mornings there are the fishermen walking in the flats, stepping over the rocks and coral in their specially padded socks, looking for a likely place at which to cast their throw-nets. With the dusk there is the sun setting over the back end of Diamond Head and, in the sea, perhaps one last

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sailboat, one dogged bather determined to get in the last communion with the Pacific before night falls.

That kind of quietude is getting harder to find in Hawaii, where the traveler has become the prime source of island income. John Simpson, head of the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, long admired as one of the world's most successful booster agencies, calls tourism "the only real growth industry we have right now and our biggest producer of outside income." It has outdistanced pineapple, which is suffering severely from overseas competition. In Hawaii, which lives in stateside style, and a rather high one at that, a pineapple picker gets $2.79 an hour. In Taiwan a harvester doing the same work is paid seventeen cents an hour.

Ever since 1898, when the United States assumed responsibility for and control of the Hawaiian Islands, the military has been the biggest spender. Now the traveler is the largest source of ready cash. Despite the rash of buildings that have made Kalakaua Avenue, the main tourist drag, look like Collins Avenue in Miami Beach in its salad days, there are rarely enough rooms in all seasons to shelter all visitors. Last February, travelers were sleeping in the lobbies; unannounced charter jets arriving without confirmed rooms for passengers were turned around at the airport.

A bureau was hastily organized to place roomless travelers in private homes. Fingers were pointed at the hotels for overbooking, at guests who refused to get out of their rooms when they were supposed to. Visitors who had come looking for swaying palms and swaying hips found themselves billeted in the YMCA. A drive-it-yourself rental car was as easy to find as a full-blooded Hawaiian.

Now there are some signs that the pinch for rooms and enough Waikiki sand on which to unfold a tired bag of bones may get worse. A travel trade journal in Japan is predicting a quarter of a million Japanese will have visited Hawaii before 1973 rings out. One in twelve visitors to the islands is now a Japanese; in five years that proportion could rise to one in four. A traveler from the mainland, recently, asking for directions from women clerks behind a desk in American Airlines' huge Americana Hotel, got no more than a hopeless shrug. They were Japanese guides, placed there to handle the Japanese tours. They spoke no English.

The Japanese incursion, as well as tourism as a whole, is beginning to cause some concern in Hawaii. There are those islanders who say that Japanese visitors travel in a closed circuit, flying aboard Japan Air Lines, staying at hotels owned by Japanese syndicates, eating in Japanese restaurants, even bringing along their own tour guides from the home country. Very little of that expended capital stays in Hawaii.

The double devaluation that has created cheap dollars for Japanese travelers also has made many foreign countries, especially Japan, all but prohibitive for Americans. In search of an essence of foreign flavor, travelers from the mainland, once ardent collectors of labels from distant hotels, proud of visas stamped onto their passports at far-flung destinations, are turning, too, to Hawaii. The swarm of travelers has increased itself by ten times in scarcely more than a dozen years.

There are many who see in this prosperity and popularity an ominous black cloud of tourist pollution. What of the noise of the jets that thunders in the ears of kids going to school? Shall Hawaii move its classrooms indoors and air condition them? And, if so, who will foot the bill? Surely not the airlines, nor the hotels.

What of the gas fumes of the rasping tour buses that have already stirred the stillness of such once-benign climes as Acapulco and Corfu? Who pays for more roads? Who but the Hawaiian himself must put up with higher prices for home building and home repairs? All the construction workers are laboring in the hotel industry. Employment has taken an

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is the most unselfconsciously hipper-than-thou-almost-over-thirty-type-person of them all?"

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enormous jump, but much of the increase is attributable to women who have joined the labor force. Critics of Hawaii's unbridled rush to tourism say that the cost of living in the islands is so high it takes two members of the family to bring in enough money to meet the bills. What then, they ask, is the social effect on a family both of whose adult members are away from home all day?

The overflow of tourists, the threat of an ecological holocaust, the economic imbalance, have caused some voices to be raised in favor of rent control, a tax on hotel rooms, and even a curtailment on future hotel building, once a sacrilegious thought rarely uttered in public in Hawaii. Honolulu's free-wheeling mayor, Frank Fasi, is in favor of a room tax, because he is convinced tourists don't pay their share of Hawaii's taxes.

Governor John Burns stands foursquare against any further levy against visitors (who already pay Hawaii's standard 4 percent tax on everything, including hotel rooms). Fasi concedes that a departure tax would be a sorry way to say aloha to the departing visitor. To see the unpalatable effect, one has only to look at foreign countries that still have a departure tax or even at American cities, such as Richmond, which duns the departing visitor for the privilege of leaving the hospitable South. Or Fun City, which slaps a dollar-a-night tax on all hotel rooms over $20 (seventy-five cents under $20) in addition to the 7 percent New York City sales tax.

Last winter, following the hotel room crisis, the *Honolulu Star Bulletin* came out for rent control and a room tax, headlining its appeal with an eight-column streamer of type. It toyed with the idea of a dollar-a-night tax on every occupied hotel room, a levy that would bring in $12 to $15 million a year. It all but salivated over the notion that a two-dollar-a-night tax would double that figure. The industry, it said, "is now strong enough to stand it"—English translation: If any prospective travelers are turned off by the tax, there are others waiting in the wings to take their place. The editorial further suggested that such a tax would serve "to control the expansion of an industry at a time when its growth rate seems in danger of getting out of hand." In other words, a high room tax would keep a lot of travelers away. Such a tax, the editorial said, "will be, in effect, an investment in the aloha spirit." In Hawaii, aloha spirit is like Tiger Balm. It is the ultimate panacea, good for warts, falling hair, hangnail, sunburn, and soothing alienated affections. Orientals even have been known to rub a little Tiger Balm on the nose of an airplane they were about to board. Thus, it even assures a safe arrival.

But a tax is no balm; it is a nuisance. It is a bit of a financial rip-off. If the controls are necessary to insure against ecological outrage to the islands—and they may well be necessary—they might better be placed at the source, not at the end result. Heretical or not, it might be fruitful to consider a control on future hotel building, a limit on airline arrivals, and a strict surveillance of such ills as overbooking, overbusing, overselling, and overcrowding. All avarice and no heart will make Hawaii a ravaged island, a Nevil Shute wasteland. By then the celebrated aloha spirit will have evanesced into the Polynesian night, an ephemeral apparition, departed, lamented, and ultimately remembered only by social historians who record the evolutionary waves of human sentiment. No journeyman who has ever entertained a passing flirtation with these perfumed isles would ever wish for that. □

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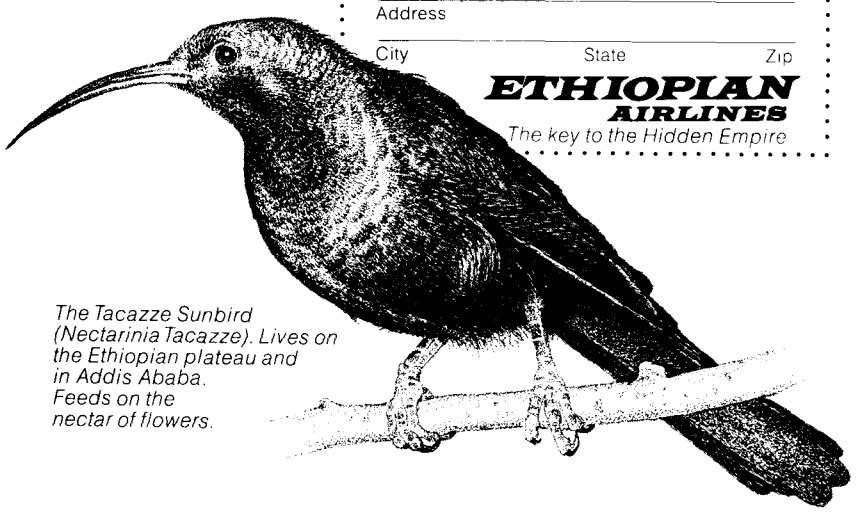

The Tacazze Sunbird (Nectarinia Tacazze). Lives on the Ethiopian plateau and in Addis Ababa. Feeds on the nectar of flowers.

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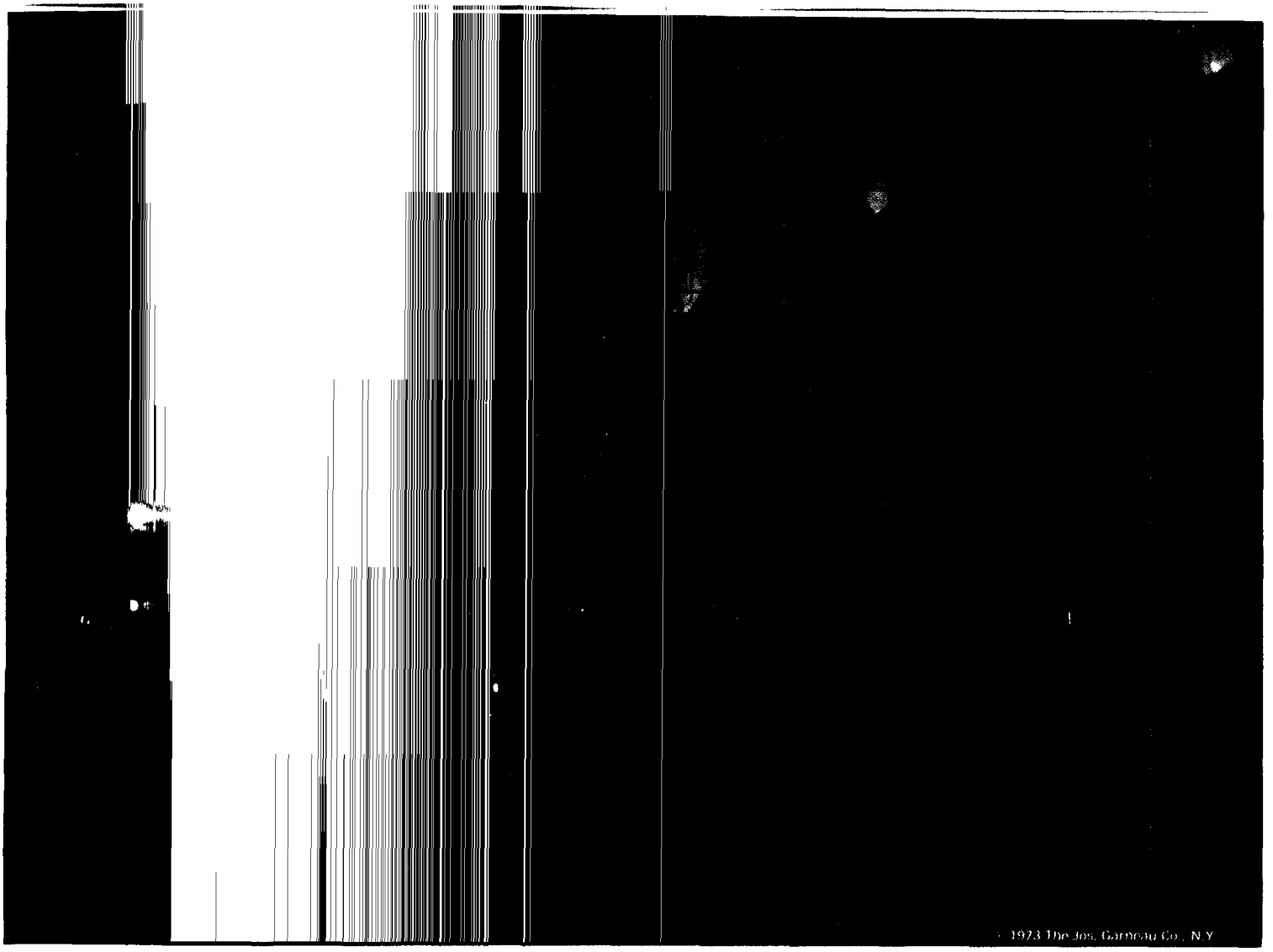

How the war was lost but the wine was won

Long, long ago, when knights were bold and kingdoms were personal property, a 15-year-old girl named Eleanor was married to Louis VII, King of France. What she lacked in maturity she made up in her dowry. She was heiress to Aquitaine, an area equal to almost one-quarter of modern France. But even that didn't help, and the marriage was dissolved by the Pope in 1152.

Because she retained her property, Eleanor was very popular and she soon accepted the proposal of Henri Plantaganet, Duke of Anjou. Being a Plantaganet and a descendant of William the Conqueror, it came to pass that Henri became Henry II, King of England.

So, Eleanor, who had been Queen of France at 15, found herself Queen of England at 30. This marriage was successful to the tune of ten children, two of whom became kings. One was Richard the Lion Hearted, of Crusader fame. The other was King John and his best claim to fame was that he was forced to sign the Magna Carta.

Meanwhile, the proud French resented having so large a part of their country being held as personal property of a Queen of England. Especially since Eleanor's lands included the thriving seaport of Bordeaux and all the Bordeaux wine region as well.

Finally, after mulling it over for 100 years, the French started the Hundred Years War to get it back. In a last great battle at Castignon in 1453, the English were forced to leave the Continent . . . never to return.

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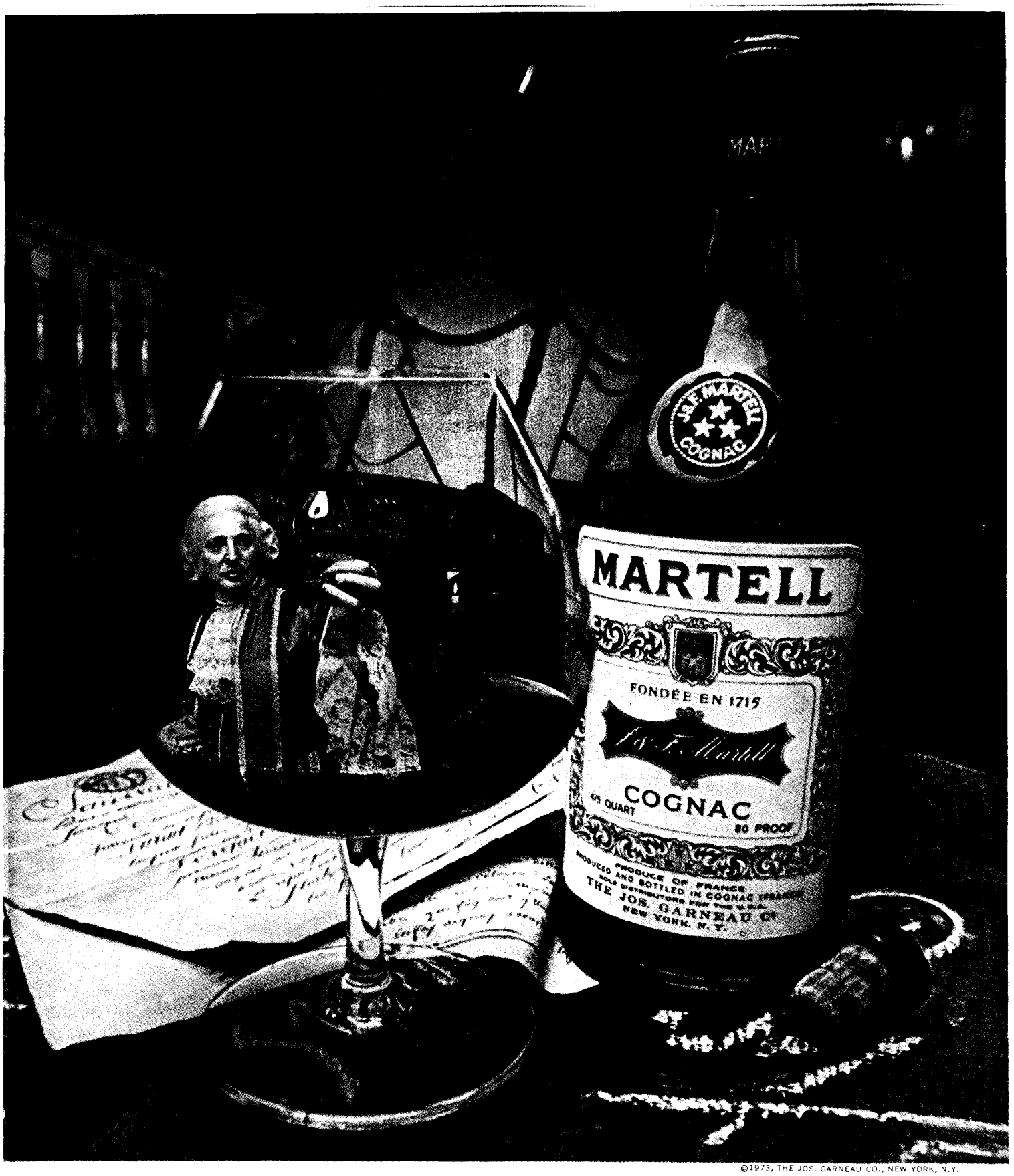

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The Antique World of Hector Berlioz

By Irving Kolodin

The contention that *Les Troyens* contains some of the most beautiful music ever written by Hector Berlioz has been tried and found true at the Metropolitan Opera House, in one of the most elaborate productions of a stage work ever seen or heard in this country. There were, to be sure, some counter-contentions about this or that detail, and a few of the composer's staunchest supporters could be heard to say, from time to time, that he tried even their patience with his garrulity. But it was an outcome, finally, that resolved an issue mooted in this country for more than a century, as a wider public may hear when the work is broadcast later in the season.

On balance, the effort mounted by a production team of Peter Wexler (scenery and costumes), Nathaniel Merrill (stage direction), and Rudolph Kuntner (supervisor of the all-important lighting) under the overall command of Rafael Kubelik, making his debut as a Metropolitan Music Director and conductor, and General Manager Schuyler Chapin, proved several things. It demonstrated, first, that there is no operatic problem the Metropolitan cannot solve when all its resources are marshaled and, second, that the marshaling of those resources cost as much in blood, sweat, toil, and treasure as a small war used to. Altogether, *Les Troyens* was worth not only doing, but doing exactly in the spirit in which it was done—all out, make or break, Berlioz or bust.

It was Berlioz's conviction, as of 1858–60, when *Les Troyens* was being shaped, that somehow, somewhere, a way could be found of performing its two parts (the sack of Troy and the idyll of Dido and Aeneas) in a single evening. This was before revolving turntables, before stage elevators, before filmed projections—well, even before electrical illumination itself. All of these have been put to use in this production to afford Berlioz the resources he foresaw. It brings to mind Musorgski's famous statement: "The artist believes in the future because he lives in it."

The huge mass of music embodied in the 751 pages of the full score has long inflamed the minds of those who know the evocative "Royal Hunt and Storm" interlude from concert-hall performances and recordings. As Kubelik has previously revealed in Covent Garden (1956–57) and La Scala (1960), this is no proverbial tip of an iceberg. It is, rather, the smoldering cone of a subterranean volcano, capable of firing the human spirit whenever it is permitted to erupt. Like any volcano, *Les Troyens* contains ash as well as lava. Berlioz never heard a performance of *La Prise de Troie*, where a good deal of the ash is concentrated, and the performance of *Les Troyens à Carthage* that he did hear (under his own direction) was hardly definitive. He might have reconsidered some details of the five acts had Paris provided him with the opportunity to judge them in the theater. But who is to complain of dust specks in the eye when confronted with so tempestuous a manifestation of man's will?

Some women might, for besides being the work of a man, *Les Troyens* is an example of the nineteenth-century glorification of the male as hero. Feminists would not find much to admire in the notion of the hero who goes off to fulfill his destiny of founding a new civilization without a single female representative of the old. Or in the hero who takes of Dido in Carthage what he wants—in comfort, companionship, and conjugal satisfaction—and then leaves her behind when destiny beckons him to Italy.

Louis Mélançon

Shirley Verrett as Dido, seductress of Carthage, in "Les Troyens."

That it nevertheless impelled Berlioz to immense acts of intellectual and spiritual productivity—one could listen to the orchestra by itself (without voices) for the length of the score and find something fascinating on every page—is merely an affirmation that Berlioz was himself Aeneas, forever pursuing his destiny against insuperable odds. In his involvement with voices, Berlioz did sometimes overreach himself: Some of the choral writing is overextended, and Cassandra's warnings become decreasingly ominous as they multiply in frequency. But whenever the listener's attention threatens to wane, Berlioz summons some fresh, bold stroke of imagination to magnetize the listener anew.

SHIRLEY VERRETT added a topping of the superhuman to the merely supernatural by undertaking to perform Dido as well as Cassandra (at the premiere) because Christa Ludwig was ailing. "As well as" is, in this context, a statement of worth and of fact, for she spread her voice over an effort that extended from seven o'clock to midnight, without stinting the needs of either the prophetess of Troy or the seductress of Carthage. For all that, when Ludwig did appear in later performances, illusion was better served by a different embodiment of Dido, especially an embodiment of such regal attributes. She was not consistently in best vocal form, but second-level Ludwig is better than first-level almost anyone else. At this performance, John Nelson, the young American who had assisted in the choral preparation, replaced Kubelik and demonstrated an unusual command of Berlioz's many problems.

Mignon Dunn, as Anna, was an equally sympathetic sister in either circumstance—what an artist this lady has become!—but the sturdy fulcrum to the events that moved the antique world of Berlioz was Jon Vickers. He was the Aeneas of the 1956–57 production by Kubelik in Covent Garden, again in La Scala, and in the Philips recording, directed by Colin Davis. His voice has lost some of its youthful vibrance, but in the management of tone, of mood, and of text, Vickers, while presenting a fine physical illusion, must be close to the category that Jean de Reszke represented decades ago in the French repertory. John Macurdy (Narbal), Kenneth Riegel (Iopas), Judith Blegen (Ascanius), and Felicia Montealegre (Andromache) made big roles of small parts by their superior efforts. □

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Film

The Great Godfather Rip-Off

By Hollis Alpert

In *The Don Is Dead* the attrition of the cast is awesome. Beginning with the gunning down of three hoods, the film proceeds to decimate almost all of its major and minor characters in a variety of ways. Revolvers, rifles, submachine guns, a booby-trapped car, a barber's razor, a baseball bat, and even a commercial laundry machine are employed to dispatch two warring factions of what the film is exceedingly careful not to say is the Mafia. Objectionable enough in its obvious attempt to ride on the popularity of *The Godfather*, the film is particularly loathsome as a current specimen of the mounting fad of cinematic violence. The word *indecent* is usually employed (by censorship advocates, district attorneys, and Supreme Court justices) for films of excessive sexual content; it would be more fittingly used to characterize *The Don Is Dead*.

I am leaning more and more to the hypothesis that graphic violence in films (and on television) can have a baneful effect on certain immature and disturbed individuals—and a reading of the daily newspaper gives enough evidence of their large numbers. Following the showing of *Fuzz* on one of the networks recently, there were at least three incidents in which people were doused with gasoline and set afire. One such incident might have been called a coincidence; three such cases amount to evidence. For its television showing, *Fuzz* was carefully edited so that its gasoline-dousing scene contained a minimum amount of footage. Apparently, it was enough to infect some viewers with a desire to imitate the action.

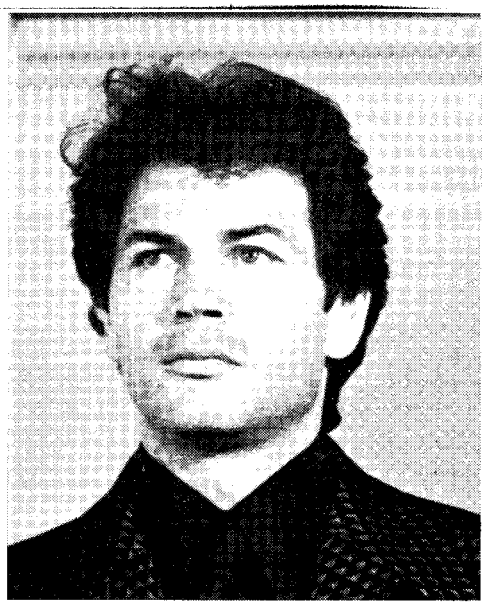
However, *The Don Is Dead* is far more graphic. I'll not bother to describe its almost incessant, and certainly insensate, scenes of sadistic violence. What bothers me more, in a way, is why those involved in the making of the film felt them necessary. Its producer, Hal Wallis, has had a long and often prestigious career. Twice he has won the Irving Thalberg Award, which is given by the Motion Picture Academy for consistently high production standards. He hardly needs the money, as someone in his own industry remarked. And the company for which he produces, Universal, is currently one of the healthiest, if not *the* healthiest, in a largely depressed industry.

Richard Fleischer, the director, has also had a long and successful career. I've met him a few times and can vouch for the fact that he is likable, mild-mannered, thoroughly capable. He is an expert at fashioning crime films and has made some good ones, among them *Compulsion* and *10 Rillington Place*. Shock for the sake of shock, sadism for the sake of cheap thrills, is hardly his forte.

I know next to nothing about Marvin H. Albert, who wrote the screenplay adaptation of his own novel, but we certainly can't give him high marks for originality. It's almost as though he read and saw *The Godfather* and decided that both versions were much too mild and polite and that audiences required more of the same, but stronger. As good as *The Godfather* was, there were many who felt the film could have done without a few of its most brutal scenes. But it has to be admitted that they were done adroitly and by splendid actors. No such excuse can be made for *The Don Is Dead*.

I, for one, have had enough of dons and godfathers and find it hard to believe that film makers can't come up with other types for our folk heroes. If they can't, I'd prefer treatment of the breed in terms that show understanding of the sick society in which its members operate. The recent *Mean Streets* is a distinguished example of how the subject can be treated without making the viewer ashamed of wasting his time in the theater. *The Don Is Dead* is a cheap shot, and its makers know better. They also have a pretty good idea of the effect of such films on audiences. If the movie industry has to save itself by making movies like this one, I doubt that it's worth saving.

LET ME SAY AT ONCE that I enjoy the thriller form when it's used with subtlety. It can be conducive to artistry, as in the classic *The Maltese Falcon* and the current *The Long Goodbye*—and in a new film from Canada called *The Pyx*. There is violence in it, but the violence is made part of the whole eerie atmosphere of a tale that begins realistically enough but then takes on an intriguing aura of fantasy and pseudoreligion. The title is one of the clues in a genuinely suspenseful yarn, a pyx being a container in which the consecrated wafer of the Eucharist is kept for carrying to the sick. One is found clutched in the hand of a young woman who has jumped, or fallen, or been pushed from the roof of a Montreal apartment building. The trail followed by a police detective eventually leads to a black mass and the very devil himself.



Robert Forster in "The Don Is Dead."

Harvey Hart, the director, takes a look over his shoulder now and then at Graham Greene, but mostly he pursues his own devices in keeping his suspense pot bubbling. He has a noteworthy cast, which includes Christopher Plummer as the detective and Karen Black as the symbolically and literally fallen woman. Some of Canada's leading theatrical figures are employed in other roles, and they have names as intriguing as their performances; Jean-Louis Roux, for one, and Yvette Brind'Amour, for another. I hope I haven't given away too much of this story of good and evil, for it provides as fascinating a couple of hours as anything available this violent season.

CAN THERE BE SUSPENSE without violence? And if so, can it be fun? Answers are provided by *Happy New Year*, a new film by Claude Lelouch, with an amusingly complex plot and a considerable amount of charm. Lino Ventura appears in it as one of a pair of amiable scoundrels out to divest the Cannes branch of Van Cleef & Arpels of much of its valuable stock in trade. The job isn't easy, because the security of the jewelry emporium is seemingly impregnable. The story of the heist is interwoven with a romance between Ventura and the attractive owner of the antique shop next door. She is played by Françoise Fabian, who, as Maud, helped make *My Night At Maud's* so delightful. She's good in this one, too; Ventura is his stolid self; and Lelouch carries off his diversion with decided skill, irony, and even a touch of sentiment. □

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A report on equal opportunity employment policies and practices at General Motors.

In General Motors we have coupled our commitment to equal opportunity with extensive programs of training and development. Their purpose is to enable our employes—minorities, women and others—to take better advantage of the opportunities which await them in our organization.

One of our difficulties in recruiting more minority employes and women is that many of GM's white-collar jobs require some engineering and technical training. Traditionally, however, few minorities or women have studied engineering. So, even as we recruit intensively at institutions with engineering and technical curricula, including predominantly black and women's colleges, we must take other, more direct, steps to qualify more minorities and women for engineering jobs.

For example: General Motors maintains and operates a five-year cooperative engineering college: the General Motors Institute in Flint, where today 3,000 students are earning degrees, most of them in engineering and industrial administration. They alternate periods of study at the Institute with paid work assignments at GM divisions. One of the great advantages of the GMI system is that its graduates are assured good management or professional jobs and an opportunity to progress at General Motors. The entrance requirements at GMI are stiff. They compare with those at the best engineering schools in the country. A pre-freshman program has been established to qualify applicants who were not able to receive adequate preparation for engineering studies in high school. Currently, 88 minority students and 31 women are in this program. This is paying off in the number of minority and women students at GMI. Eight

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years ago we had only 13 minority students at GMI. Two years ago we had 167. This year we have 412.

There are relatively few women graduate engineers. Last year, for example, in the entire United States only 493 bachelor degrees in engineering were conferred upon women. They represented 1.1% of the total bachelor degrees earned in engineering during 1972.

Last year 112 women were enrolled at GMI. This fall, there are 247 women, 8.3% of the total GMI enrollment.

We expect—indeed we know—that these young men and women will be among the managers of General Motors in the years to come. All that is needed is their continued efforts, our continued resolve, and time.

Several programs have been established throughout the Corporation to assist employes who may wish to continue their formal education. GM has a Tuition Refund Plan and a Graduate Fellowship Plan which last year refunded $2.9 million to employes who completed courses in recognized educational institutions. And we place special emphasis on increasing the number of minority and women employes in skilled trades. Pre-apprentice training programs at many GM plants develop the technical skills of prospective candidates for skilled-trade apprenticeships.

By such efforts, we are making long strides in short time. We are bringing minorities and women into General Motors, placing them in the mainstream of opportunity, and training, educating, and preparing them for higher positions. Our goal is nothing short of full equality of opportunity throughout our organization—and we are moving toward this goal.

Several years ago we made a significant shift in our thinking. We had always been against discrimination, but we decided then that just to be *against* was no longer enough. We chose a more positive, more affirmative role. We committed the Corporation to work not only to prevent discrimination, but to promote equal opportunity in employment. Then, and since then, we have made it very plain that it is the continuing policy of General Motors to provide equal opportunity for every American in every area of our business.

We are convinced that this policy—positive rather than negative, active rather than passive—is the right one. It is right because it not only fulfills the let-

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ter of the law, but reaches to the spirit of our American commitment to equality.

Our record at General Motors has a special quality enhanced by GM's tradition of success. General Motors is successful because it applies rigid standards for advancement to all employes. The rewards and incentives are high, and so are the standards of performance necessary to achieve them. When an employe progresses in General Motors, he or she can be sure that recognition has been earned. Everyone who knows General Motors knows this is so.

Here are a few figures. The percentage of minority employment in GM grew from 11.2% of our U.S. work force in 1965 to 16.7% by the end of 1972. And since then, the 16.7% has climbed to over 17%.

This is progress, and significantly the gains of minorities in white-collar jobs have been more rapid. Minority Americans in these jobs increased from 1.7% in 1965 to about 4.7% in 1971. Just a year later, the 4.7% became 7.1%, and today the percentage of minority employes with white-collar jobs in General Motors is over 8.4%.

In 1965, women accounted for 12.9% of our work force. By December 1972, the number had increased to 13.9%, and today the percentage of women in the GM work force is 15.1%. Of the managers, technicians and professionals at GM in 1965, eleven hundred were women. By the end of 1971, the number had increased to 1600, and as of the end of last year the number was 2800. And since then, it has climbed to 3900.

Percentages and numbers are cold, but these represent in General Motors 113,000 minority Americans and 97,000 women earning for themselves and their families the employment opportunity they deserve. They are more than numbers—they are real human stories—over 210,000 of them. And the number is growing every day.

And every job in General Motors, white-collar or blue-collar, is a good job. The average hourly employe who works in our plants earns more than $12,500. Their wages alone—not counting fringes—place these employes in at least the upper one-fourth income bracket in the United States.

We know that equal opportunity in employment is not up to the employe alone. The person who does the hiring and the promoting is crucial. So we train not only employes, but we train mana-

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gers as well. We teach them how to take positive action to speed upward mobility throughout the Corporation.

In January 1972, this message was given to our Personnel Directors: "As you are all aware, the policy of General Motors Corporation is that everyone will be given an equal opportunity in employment without regard to his or her race, religion, or national origin. This is the policy of General Motors, and every member of management must implement this policy.

"Now, there may be many personal prejudices in connection with this problem. These are being expressed in different ways throughout the country, and each person is entitled to his own opinion. However, the position of GM in these matters is unmistakably clear: there is no room for prejudice in General Motors —and we mean just that. If we have any person at management level in any GM facility who cannot function within this policy, or is not giving it full attention, then he will simply no longer be able to work for General Motors."

We are making progress, but the effort is hard. Progress does not come easily. It requires hard work and dogged dedication—day after day. But it is worth the effort. Minorities and women in General Motors are earning their way to economic equality, gaining—day by difficult day. They are getting there—surely. A number of minorities and women are now in top positions. Hundreds more are just below them, and thousands more a level down, and throughout the Corporation there are more than a hundred and thirteen thousand minority Americans and ninety-seven thousand women—all working, all earning opportunity.

No one can doubt the commitment of General Motors to full employment equality. Neither should anyone doubt the certainty of its eventual achievement.

GM cares about cars. GM cares about people too.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

General Motors

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More Bang for the Buck—or More Whimpers?

The Ehrlichman-Haldeman era was a bad time for science. Although Ehrlichman and Haldeman are personally gone from the scene (and fresh minds are moving in to offer hope for change), the attitudes they symbolized and helped generate are far from gone. Mahlon B. Hoagland of the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology is not the only research director to denounce "the national administration's overt anti-science policy," one result of which was a severe cutback in medical research. "Today," writes Nobel biologist Arthur Kornberg of Stanford in the AMA publication *Prism,* "lights are going out in laboratories all over America."

And this at a moment in history when, in Hoagland's words, "we are on the very brink of merging basic biology and basic medicine—that is, of gaining biological insight into what goes wrong in disease." The irony is compounded when we consider, as Yale biologist Arthur W. Galston does in the journal *Natural History,* that "against the backdrop of a highly touted 'war on cancer and heart disease,' the necessary biological research to accomplish those ends is being terminated."

Dr. Kornberg documents the case further: "Funds for important research by excellent scientists have been cut at a time when inflation and advanced technology demand increases. And now the support for the training of our best young scientists has been abruptly eliminated. This support for research and training cannot be finely regulated." The supply can't be turned on and off, up and down, like the water from a faucet. "When the flow of scientific support is turned down, the stream of progress dries up and cannot be restored for years."

Not only did the administration amputate budgets and veto health bills; when Congress passed special legislation to provide money for research and training, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare simply "impounded" the money and refused to spend it. Only recently did a stubborn court action, brought by the Association of American Medical Colleges, result in a court directive to release $140 million of these impounded funds. About $66 million had been earmarked for training grants. So young beginners in research are the ones who suffer the most—which is to say that we are the ones who suffer the loss of their talents. Many young researchers, even after obtaining a staff appointment at a good research institute, have been frustrated because they can't afford even the barest essentials of equipment and supplies to start working on projects their sponsors believe to be brilliant.

The government outlook is not totally gloomy. The National Cancer Institute, for example, which has been more fortunate in its financing than other institutes, has just awarded a "core grant" to the Salk Institute, $1.4 million of which is earmarked primarily for the support of young cancer researchers over the next four years. But this kind of support is the exception, whereas it used to be the rule. The disappearance of once-counted-on federal money has put extra demands on private foundations and public organizations such as the American Cancer Society and the American Heart Association.

One of the more intelligent and farsighted projects designed to meet the challenge is the "starter grant" program initiated by The National Foundation March of Dimes. Twenty-one young scientists have just been awarded grants ranging from $12,252 to $22,166 to start them on their research careers. The grantees range geographically from the University of Oregon Medical School in Portland to the Howard University College of Medicine in Washington. The topics cover a wide range, too, but, whatever the research results, the major contribution will have been to keep these researchers in research. But only the U.S. government can meet the nation's overall need—as it was doing admirably before the cutbacks.

In all fairness, it should be emphasized that the austerity policies were not invented by the present administration. When Lyndon Johnson was still President, the more-bang-for-the-buck theory began to take hold. Obviously *all* scientists and *all* research projects can't be supported even in the best of times. So, the reasoning goes, why not put the money where it counts? When the government decided on an A-bomb, it decreed Project Manhattan and got an A-bomb—right? And when Jonas Salk and The National Foundation wanted a polio vaccine, they went ahead and crash-programmed a polio vaccine—right? So why not do the same for cancer, for heart disease, for *any* disease?

The *why not* is what's important. The reason we could build an A-bomb or develop a polio vaccine is that the basic knowledge was at hand. Today Salk is working on cancer, and the National Foundation on birth defects—but they would be the last to suggest a crash program in either area. What they are seeking at this stage is basic knowledge.

"Putting the money where it counts" often means wasting it. Kornberg, in his *Prism* article, tells of a recent discovery made by Barbara Bowman and her associates at the University of Texas Medical Branch in Galveston, where imaginative studies involving the effect of a certain protein on the cilia of oysters may provide a breakthrough in the understanding of cystic fibrosis. Kornberg takes pains to point out that "this breakthrough was possible only because of the fundamental knowledge of the biology of the oyster, of protein chemistry, and of cell culture." No crash program to cure cystic fibrosis would have funded anyone seeking this knowledge, and, without funds, those imaginative investigators might have gone off to teach or sell insurance—and perhaps might have been terrible teachers and salesmen.

The most economical thing our nation can do for our health is to acquire the basic knowledge needed to cure and *prevent* disease. In the absence of this knowledge, all that most crash programs can do is push current technology to the limit, devising ever more complex and expensive gadgetry, ever more complex surgery, ever more powerful drugs, and ever increasing ability to keep sick people going in half-alive states for longer and longer periods of time. Dr. Hoagland estimates that, following this course, medical costs "will steadily rise until health-care technology may begin to compete with the cost of weapons production in the country's economy." This is obviously the most extravagant course we can take. With that buck we get not a bang but a whimper—a whole chorus of whimpers.

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

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Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory

Fiery visitor—Comet Brooks blazing across sky during 1886 pass-by of earth, en route to swing around sun. Stars are

Kohoutek: The Orbiting Iceberg

Trailing clouds of glory, the comet Kohoutek is on a fiery trajectory across pre-dawn skies, en route to its late-December rendezvous with the sun.

By David Brinegar and Hallowell Bowser

Streaking across wintry night skies, the "Comet of the Century" recently swam into dim naked-eye view.

At its best and brightest, later this month and early in January, the fiery oncoming visitor will light up the heavens: Outshining the moon and stars, its glowing tail will spread itself out over a full sixth of the sky's horizon-to-horizon arc. Some astronomers are even saying the comet—called Kohoutek after its Czech-born discoverer—will provide the most spectacular celestial fireworks seen in the past 2000 years.

David Brinegar is executive editor of The Arizona Daily Star; *Hallowell Bowser is a senior editor of* Saturday Review/World.

If Kohoutek produces even half the blaze and dazzle expected of it, probably billions of people will stand outdoors, on rooftops and in rice paddies, to ooh and ah, and point skyward. This vast audience will include three main types of viewer: ordinary citizens, serious amateur comet watchers, and the whole worldwide community of professional astronomers.

THE CASUAL VIEWER, interested only in the sheer spectacle of Kohoutek's passage, mainly needs to remember that the comet will be seen just before dawn in late December, and just after sunset in January.

Later this month, you can see Kohoutek rising daily in southeastern skies, from two to three hours before the sun comes up. When the morning sun finally edges over the horizon, its blinding light will quickly drown out the comet. But determined watchers can get around this problem by using an old World War I aviator's trick: blotting out the sun by holding a thumb up to it. The comet should then be clearly visible in broad daylight, riding in the sky off to the sun's right, and dipping below the horizon several hours before sunset.

In January the pattern will change. Then Kohoutek will blaze forth most vividly in the northwestern, post-sunset sky.

Why this changeover from dawn to sunset skies? The answer is that like all comets, Kohoutek is in orbit around the sun (see diagram). As seen from the earth this month, it will be approaching the sun from the right, spanking along at 250,000 miles an hour. Then, looping around in back of the sun on December 28, it will emerge into view in a day or so, fiery as ever, only now off to the sun's left. Because of this right-to-left looping action, the earthbound observer will see Kohoutek first leading, then following the sun as it moves across the sky. In January and February, the comet will grow stead-

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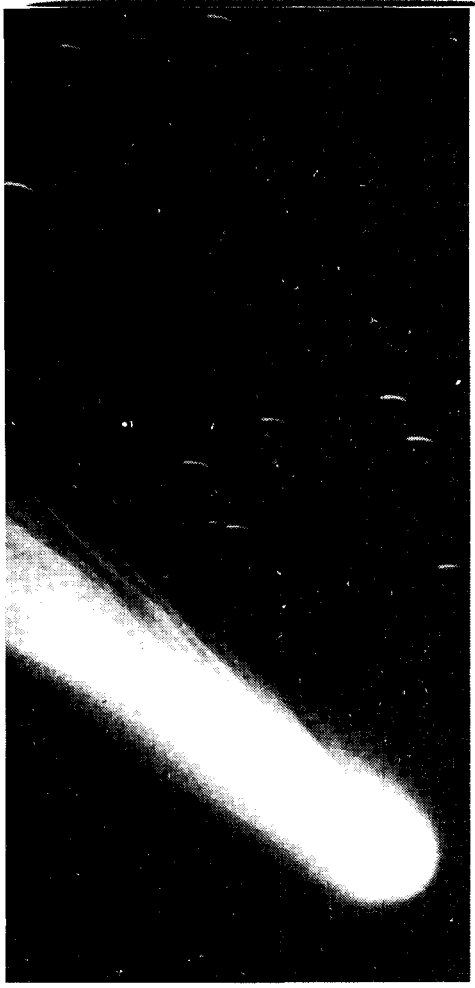


visible through comet's wispy tail.

ily dimmer as it rushes off into deep space.

Once gone, will Kohoutek ever come back? Not in our lifetime, if ever. Its orbit, if indeed it is an orbit, takes at least 10,000 years to complete. But astronomers have no sure idea whether Kohoutek is an orbiting "long-period" visitor, or a one-shot intruder that will circle the sun once, then disappear. Whichever, we shall probably never see Kohoutek's like again. However, the legendary Halley's comet—whose 90-million-mile tail is longer than Kohoutek's, though less radiant—is in regular seventy-six-year orbit, and should brighten our skies once again in 1986.

THE MOST AVID OBSERVERS of Kohoutek's flyby will likely be the amateur comet watchers. Every clear night, these volunteers are out in force all around the world, aiming their telescopes at the sky like so many anti-aircraft guns.

Their equipment varies sharply in cost. Some use inexpensive, handmade telescopes: Kaoru Ikeya, a young Japanese garage mechanic, spent only nineteen dollars on the rig he used to discover, in 1965, the comet later named after him. Other amateurs spend thousands on their setups. But cost matters less than grim willingness to sit out in the piercing cold for hours on end, intelligently monitoring lonely night skies in hopes of spotting a new, uncharted comet.

Fortunately for these serious amateurs, professional astronomers—unlike most other scientists—are an open-hearted lot. They not only welcome gifted amateurs, but make good use of their skills in worldwide comet-research programs. When an amateur picks up an onrushing new comet through his telescope eyepiece, he fires off notification to the Central Bureau for Astronomical Telegrams, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. His "entry" is judged right alongside any others sent in from the big observatories. If (like Mr. Ikeya) he is first under the wire, he achieves the amateur's nirvana—having the comet named after him.

KOHOUTEK, HOWEVER, was discovered by a professional's professional, Lubos Kohoutek (pronounced Ko-*how*-tek), who was born in Czechoslovakia and is now at the observatory in Hamburg, West Germany. Last March Professor Kohoutek astonished the world of astronomy by spotting the major new comet in a routine photo of the night sky.

At the time, the comet was more than 400 million miles out from the sun and heading in fast. Uncharted incoming comets are usually not picked up this early; they burst in on the solar system so abruptly that astronomers don't have time to set up elaborate research programs aimed at probing the comet's secrets.

But with the lead time given them by Lubos Kohoutek, both amateur and professional cometologists will have tracked and pondered Kohoutek for a full nine months before its dramatic naked-eye appearance this month.

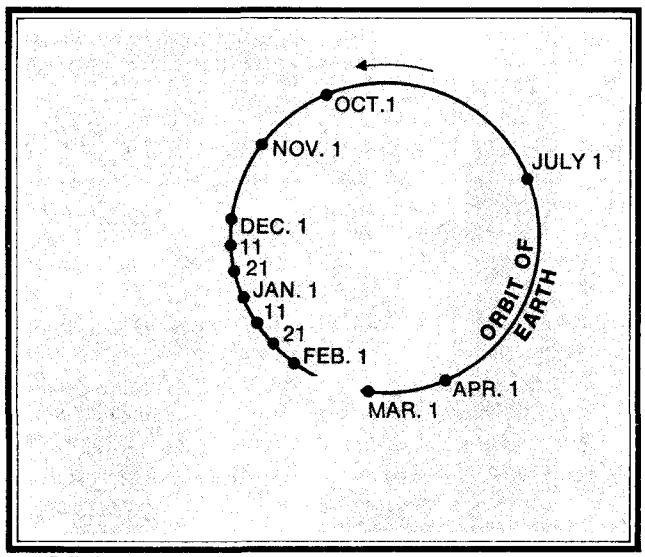
WHEN KOHOUTEK finally closes in to its most neighborly distance—some 75 million miles away from earth, on January 15—the professional astronomers will have a field day. To paraphrase Aldous Huxley, at the big observatories you will hardly be able to hear yourself think for the clicking of cameras and the whine of electric motors aiming optical equipment at the comet. NASA, meanwhile, will have photo satellites aloft monitoring the comet from altitudes high above the earth's distorting mantle of air.

Just what, beyond general curiosity, is prompting astronomers to study Kohoutek so closely? Above all, they hope to check out the theory that comets are made up of the same gases and bits of space debris that coalesced, billions of years ago, to form the sun and planets.

According to the theory, a ring-shaped cloud of this primordial matter is still circling the sun in a path well out beyond the enormously distant orbit of Pluto. Comets are formed, many astronomers believe, when flecks of matter from this seed-cloud drift together and get frozen into a giant glacial clump, which is cemented together by frozen gases and water.

In time this space-glacier, pulled out of orbit by the sun's gravitational field, rushes in toward the sun, loops close around it, then speeds off into orbit or oblivion.

Whatever the merits of the seed-cloud theory, we know that as the glacier plunges through the solar system, the sun's hot rays boil off some of its frozen gases and dust particles. Part of this boil-off streams out, plumelike, behind the comet's glacial nucleus. Another part,



Bob Pelletier

Chart shows Kohoutek's long, looping trajectory. Comet's tail always faces away from the sun.

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On Comets

By Bertrand Russell

If I were a comet, I should consider the men of our present age a degenerate breed.

In former times, the respect for comets was universal and profound. One of them foreshadowed the death of Caesar; another was regarded as indicating the approaching death of the Emperor Vespasian. He himself was a strong-minded man, and maintained that the comet must have some other significance, since it was hairy and he was bald; but there were few who shared this extreme of rationalism. The Venerable Bede said that "comets portend revolutions of kingdoms, pestilence, war, winds, or heat." John Knox regarded comets as evidence of divine anger, and other Scottish Protestants thought them "a warning to the King to extirpate the Papists."

America, and especially New England, came in for a due share of cometary attention. In 1652 a comet appeared just at the moment when the eminent Mr. Cotton fell ill, and disappeared at his death. Only ten years later, the wicked inhabitants of Boston were warned by a new comet to abstain from "voluptuousness and abuse of the good creatures of God by licentiousness in drinking and fashions in apparel." Increase Mather, the eminent divine, considered that comets and eclipses had portended the deaths of Presidents of Harvard and Colonial governors, and instructed his flock to pray to the Lord that he would not "take away stars and send comets to succeed them."

All this superstition was gradually dispelled by Halley's discovery that one comet, at least, went round the sun in an orderly ellipse, just like a sensible planet, and by Newton's proof that comets obey the law of gravitation. For some time, Professors in the more old-fashioned universities were forbidden to mention these discoveries, but in the long run the truth could not be concealed.

In our day, it is difficult to imagine a world in which everybody, high and low, educated and uneducated, was preoccupied with comets and filled with terror whenever one appeared. Most of us have never seen a comet. I have seen two, but they were far less impressive than I had expected them to be. The cause of the change in our attitude is not merely rationalism, but artificial lighting. In the streets of a modern city the night sky is invisible; in rural districts, we move in cars with bright headlights. We have blotted out the heavens, and only a few scientists remain aware of stars and planets, meteorites and comets. The world of our daily life is more man-made than at any previous epoch. In this there is loss as well as gain: Man, in the security of his dominion, is becoming trivial, arrogant, and a little mad. But I do not think a comet would now produce the wholesome moral effect which it produced in Boston in 1662; a stronger medicine would now be needed.

Excerpted from *In Praise of Idleness* by Bertrand Russell, published by Simon and Schuster. Copyright under the Berne Convention and reprinted by permission of Simon and Schuster.

called the coma, collects around the nucleus, giving it the fuzzy, lion's-mane appearance that once caused comets to be known as "hairy stars."

Enter here the astronomers who will study Kohoutek. With their specimen matter obligingly spread out before them during the pass-by, they can make leisurely spectrographic and other analyses of the comet's presumably pristine space-matter—on the assumption that it has been in cold storage out in space, and has not been tainted by constant movement through our dust- and gas-filled solar system.

Some Kohoutek probers think the comet contains hydrocarbons of the sort earlier comets may have showered down on the earth, thus setting in motion our chain of life.

MANY MINOR COMETS pass through our solar system each year, most of them invisible to the unaided eye. But Kohoutek is a find simply because it is so big, so near, and so visible. Where many comets have a nucleus only a mile or so in diameter, Kohoutek's exceeds fifteen miles. Counting in its hairy coma, the comet's front section will measure perhaps 50,000 miles straight through.

Then too, Kohoutek weighs, tail and all, more than a trillion tons—a hefty figure considering that the tails of most comets are so wispy that if compacted, they would barely fill a teacup. These tenuous gases and subatomic particles in the tail are constantly beaten back by the sun's rays, so that they stream out behind the comet's nucleus, always facing away from the sun and reflecting its light brightly. This means that Kohoutek's plume will trail after it as the comet approaches the sun, but will stand out in front of the nucleus as the comet recedes into space.

THE WISPINESS OF a comet's tail becomes evident when, occasionally, the earth passes clear through one: What happens is that *nothing* happens—nothing measurable and significant. When the earth went through Halley's wake in 1910, the purely visual effect was striking: The comet's 90-million-mile tail was seen as a luminous band crossing the night sky's whole 180-degree parabola. Yet scientists could make out no significant effects —unless you count the scare effect on the world's people. Many otherwise solid citizens bought "comet pills" to immunize them against "comet gas"; others sold their worldly goods and huddled together out in the open, awaiting the cataclysm they believed the comet's advent signalized.

As Bertrand Russell wryly points out in the brief essay reprinted above, bright comets have always scared the daylights out of people. What with the recent upturn in UFO sightings and the deep-running popular absorption with omens, portents, and other occult manifestations, Kohoutek may make a more hair-raising impression on the popular imagination than cometologists have bargained for. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 11

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Upon his ___ ___ ___ ___ ___, he
always seems to find
The time to let the ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
of care unwind.
His sailboat ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ within
still, sheltered bays
Where turquoise ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
enchant his tranquil gaze.

Contributed by John G. Caffrey, Suffern, N.Y.

Answer to *Wit Twister*, see page 68.

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Rivers That Eat the Eyes

By Thomas A. Blinkhorn

Foungou, Upper Volta

By now the news is out that Chief Guebre Sabaure has died. He was eighty, a gangling giant of a man with a vicious-looking scar across the nose that totally belied his joviality.

When I first met him, he was holding court in the village of Foungou, a drab collection of mud huts along the White Volta River, nearly one hundred miles southeast of Ouagadougou, Upper Volta's capital. It was the dry season then, and the flat, brittle land seemed a hostage of the merciless sun. The chief was not to be subjugated, though. Perched on his red-cushioned chair, he would laugh and toss out brief pronouncements to the assembled village elders, all the while casting defiant stares at the blazing sun through a pair of lensless glasses.

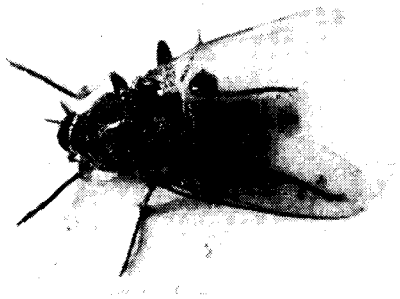
When I returned four months later, the first rains had come, and the land was magically transformed—released and alive, greening by the day. But the chief was gone; he had died a few days earlier. The villagers, honoring the tribal custom that a chief's death must be concealed from the outside world for at least thirty days, either avoided questions about his whereabouts or explained simply that he was away. Visiting Abidjan, one said. Gone to Ghana, claimed another. A third said he was inspecting a farm to see the new crops. That was the grandest fabrication, for Chief Sabaure had been completely blind for years.

The curious thing about his blindness was his matter-of-fact reaction to it. He seemed convinced that it was somehow inevitable. And it did not strike him as extraordinary that other men and women in the village also were blind, or nearly so. After all, he explained, there was much in life that could not be understood, and anyway, as an old tribal saying put it, ultimately the "rivers will eat the eyes." How they did it was, well, just another of life's mysteries.

That a tiny, black female fly, born in the precious waters of the nearby Volta, had actually robbed him of his eyesight was apparently beyond the old man's comprehension. He just laughed incredulously at the suggestion that a mere insect was the real menace, transmitting a disease called onchocerciasis, or river blindness, which has claimed thousands of victims in Upper Volta and other West African countries.

Actually, the disease can be found in a wide belt stretching from Senegal to Ethiopia. It also occurs in Yemen and in parts of Central and South America. An estimated 20 million people in the world are affected, according to the World Health Organization. The largest endemic areas, however, are in the savanna zones of West Africa, especially in the Volta River basin. In the seven countries worst affected—Upper Volta, Mali, Niger, Togo, Dahomey, Ivory Coast, and Ghana—more than a million people have the disease. Of these, an estimated sixty thousand are totally blind. In some villages it is not uncommon to find 10 to 15 percent of the population blind, many of them in their thirties and forties. Since the disease does not shorten life, the blind impose a tremendous welfare burden on communities that are already desperately poor.

THE MENACE is about half the size of the normal North American housefly and belongs to the species *Simulium damnosum*. (Another species, *Simulium venustrum*, inhabits Maine and Canada and is known as the "curse of the north." Its bite can raise large welts and cause itching and swelling of glands.)



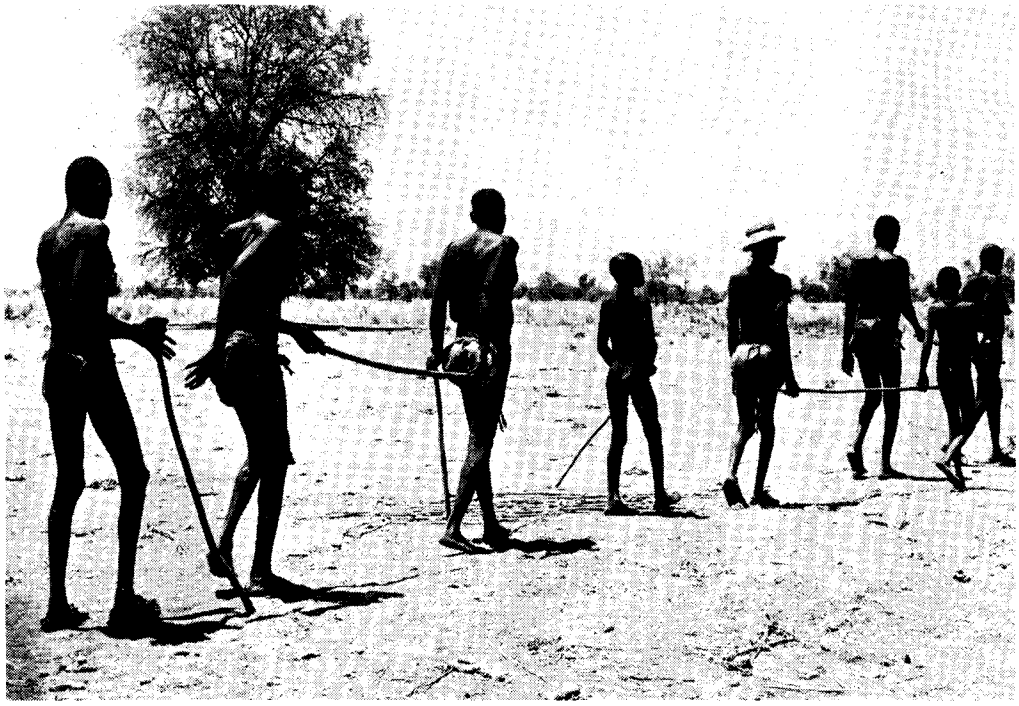
WHO

Simulium damnosum—The African black fly that transmits river blindness.

While spreaders of other parasitic diseases in Africa (*Bilharzia*, for instance) breed in still or stagnant waters, the black fly thrives in fast-moving foamy water. In what must be one of the most amazing feats in nature, the female fly hovers above the rushing water, picks out an inviting rock or blade of grass, and deposits eggs covered with a gluelike substance.

"The females lay their eggs in batches of one hundred to six hundred," explains Dr. René le Berre, a French entomologist for the World Health Organization who has studied the fly's habits for years.

"The eggs develop in thirty-six to forty-eight hours. The young larvae, nourished by the oxygen and nutrients



WHO

African children leading adults afflicted with river blindness—"The disease can be found in a wide belt stretching from Senegal to Ethiopia."

Thomas A. Blinkhorn is a loan officer in the West Africa region of the World Bank. He is at work on a documentary film about river blindness.

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in the fast water, emerge into pupae in eight to ten days," Dr. le Berre says. "Pupal development lasts another two to five days, after which the adult fly emerges and takes flight."

The female requires a meal of blood in order to develop her eggs. Man is her favorite source of supply, although she also bites animals but, strangely, without the same damaging consequences. In her lifetime, which usually lasts about a month, she may seek up to six blood meals.

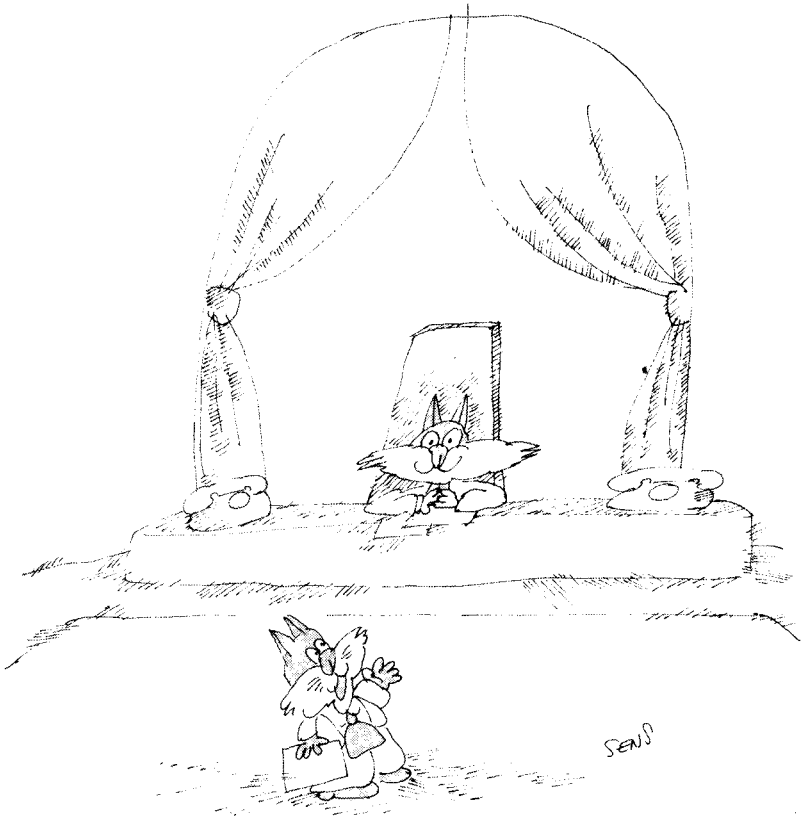
"Females bite during the day, outside dwellings and near the ground," Dr. le Berre explains. "During the blood meal they ingest a volume of blood slightly heavier than their own weight. A single blood meal suffices to ensure the maturation of an egg mass, and this phase lasts three to four days."

IN SUCKING BLOOD from the human being, the female fly can, at the same time, deposit tiny, infectious parasitic worms into the skin. Concentrations of these invaders invariably produce lumps or nodules on the body. In each of the swellings, male and female worms live and breed. Their offspring, called microfilariae, can be found in the skin throughout the entire body.

Dr. Alfred A. Buck, a specialist from Johns Hopkins University who works as a consultant for WHO, reports that persons living in endemic areas receive numerous bites, as many as 13,000 per man per day in the very worst areas. As a result, there is a continuous build-up of the worm load; each square millimeter of skin may be crowded with hundreds of larvae. As the infection deepens, nodules may appear. Skin tissue, especially on the lower legs, turns white and red. Skin also thickens and ages prematurely. Intense itching develops, in some cases so severe that people have been known to commit suicide. Blindness comes gradually, after several years. At first, tiny white spots appear on the outer edges of the cornea. They eventually swell into "snowstorm zones" that block all vision.

It used to be thought that river blindness affected only the skin and eyes. Recent studies, however, have unveiled an entirely different picture.

"It is now established beyond doubt that onchocerciasis may affect the regional lymph nodes, causing hanging groins, swelling of the scrotum, and even elephantiasis," according to Dr. Buck. "Pathological studies have confirmed the presence of the microfilariae in the kidneys, liver, and lungs. They have also been found in vaginal smears from adult females in endemic areas. There is also evidence to show that severe onchocerciasis may become a wasting disease."



"I think we should go legit—get out of the comic book racket and into education."

THE PARASITE that causes onchocerciasis was first discovered by medical researchers in the latter part of the nineteenth century. But it was not until the post–World War II period that the slow, painstaking detective work on the intricacies of the disease began. Many mysteries had to be solved (and some still must be solved): the precise nature of the parasite, the crucial role of the fly in transmission, the exact evolution of the infection inside the human body. Much early groundwork was done by agencies of the French government. Later the World Health Organization and local ministries of health became involved.

The magnitude of the investigation is awesome, for river blindness involves the interaction of singular forces, each with its own intricate set of characteristics: the fly, an infectious parasite, and a human being.

It took years to pin down precisely which species of fly was the real culprit and exactly how it delivered the infectious parasite. Today the species in question, *Simulium damnosum*, is easy to differentiate from other African black flies at all stages of development. But recent studies have shown that the name actually covers a complex of closely related forms, of which at least seven are found in the Volta River basin. And each of these seven shows certain differences in biological formation and in the way it transmits the parasite. Only the larvae can, at present, be identified with certainty.

Another puzzle that had to be tackled in the early investigations was the correct identification of the infective larvae of the parasite (*Onchocerca volvulus*) transmitted by the fly. Failure to perform this basic first step with sufficient precision led many entomologists into a maze of blind alleys. The reason is that disease-carrying insects can harbor a varied arsenal of filarial parasites, some infective and harmful to humans, others not. Some three hundred filarial parasites are known to man. Superficially, the infective larvae of these parasites look very much alike. But under the probing eye of a compound microscope, many distinguishing characteristics emerge: total length, maximum breadth, and, most important, the form and structure of the tail, or what biologists term "the mor-

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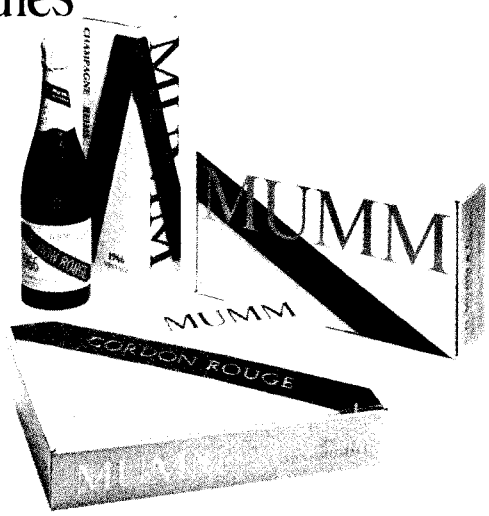

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phology of the caudal extremity." The tails of some infective larvae are long; others are short. Some have tiny knobs at the tips. The infective larvae of *Onchocerca volvulus* have two minuscule knobs inside the tails near the tips and a third protruding from the tips themselves. Armed with this vital information, investigators were then able to zero in on the breeding places of the fly, the size of the man-biting fly population, the number of infective flies in the fly population, the intensity of biting, numbers of infective larvae in individual infective flies, etc.

Many puzzles remain, however. While much is known, for instance, about the fly's breeding habits, much less is known about the so-called resting places to which the female retires briefly while developing eggs after a blood meal. Much more also needs to be discovered about the precise nature of the disease in the savanna and the forest zones of West Africa. Eye damage occurs far more frequently, for example, in the endemic areas of the savanna, while it is not very common in the forest.

Another cloudy area is the chemotherapy of the disease, that is, the effort to find safe, reliable drugs for combatting the infection in human beings. A good deal of work has been done on this, but to date none of the available drugs or remedies so far developed appear to be suitable for mass-treatment campaigns.

Experts like Dr. le Berre and others who have devoted their professional lives to the study of the disease believe that the only effective way to control or eradicate it is to attack the fly itself through periodic introduction of insecticides into the streams and rivers where it breeds. And this, they believe, must be done over an extended period.

SUCCESSFUL CONTROL OPERATIONS have been undertaken in other parts of Africa —Nigeria and Kenya particularly, but also in parts of Ghana, Ivory Coast, and Mali. None of these operations have been on a large enough scale to have had a major impact on onchocerciasis. One reason is that the particular species of fly in West Africa—unlike its cousins in East Africa and other parts of the world —has a tremendous flight range, more than one hundred miles. During the rainy season especially, the female, flying in front of monsoon winds, can travel great distances. Any lasting control effort, therefore, must be regional, covering several countries.

The prospects for just such a control effort look hopeful. A rather unique international-regional campaign has just begun to try to control or eliminate river blindness in seven West African countries over a twenty-year period. The World Bank will lead the campaign, which will cost $120 million dollars.

A steering committee for onchocerciasis control has been established by the World Health Organization, the U.N. Development Program, the Food and Agriculture Organization, and the World Bank. Specialists working with the committee have delineated a project zone covering 600,000 square kilometers in parts of Dahomey, Ghana, Ivory Coast, Mali, Niger, Togo, and Upper Volta. The area includes many depopulated river valleys where the disease is a major development obstacle to their good agricultural potential. The zone also contains overpopulated areas that could become "departure zones" for people moving back into areas of future settlement once the fly has been controlled.

THE CONTROL CAMPAIGN would be conducted in several phases and involve several methods of attack. Experimental work with new, biodegradable chemicals designed to kill the larvae of the fly without harming other aquatic life has already begun. The chemicals are applied by boat upstream from breeding sites and by helicopter in those river areas that are inaccessible. On another front, further investigation is planned of drugs that will effectively treat disease victims. Even if the fly is controlled, thousands of affected people will still need help. Finally, studies are planned for development of fertile valleys and for repopulation of areas that had to be abandoned because of the fly.

The main objective now is to raise sufficient funds (more than $100 million) for the campaign from rich countries and international organizations. This effort is now under way, and, if successful, the initial phase of the control program will begin in 1974. It could take as long as twenty years to complete the job. But if it succeeds, one more source of human misery will have been eliminated, and a lost opportunity for development will have been regained in a part of the world that desperately needs it. □

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(**Letters:** *continued from page 5.*)
taken from a reference to his views by Daniel Callahan, director of the Institute of Society, Ethics, and the Life Sciences, and should more properly have been identified as such.

Psychosurgical Safeguards

We are in complete agreement with Dr. Richard Restak as to the experimental nature of psychosurgery ("The Promise and Peril of Psychosurgery," September 25), and we deem it absolutely essential that there be safeguards to protect patients who might otherwise be used as human guinea pigs. We, too, urge caution and deliberation before any measures are taken to eliminate or continue the use of such drastic and irreversible surgery.

In a recently published statement, the National Association for Mental Health suggested the following safeguards:

- Psychosurgery should not be used except when the patient is in such great emotional distress due to his mental disorder that he by his own choice would prefer such treatment rather than remain with his existing condition.
- Psychosurgery should be regarded as a last resort, considered only when all other alternatives have been given an adequate trial in the opinion of the patient, his family, and at least two reputable physicians, one of whom should be a psychiatrist.
- The procedure should be reviewed and approved by at least two neurosurgeons not associated in practice with the surgeon elected to perform the operation.
- The patient should have legal representation present when a final decision is made so that he fully understands the possible consequences of that decision.
- The patient should be aware that he is free to refuse such treatment even if he has previously agreed to it.

The last two suggestions are concerned primarily with those patients who are involuntarily confined and who may feel incapable of refusing to take an action recommended by those who control their freedom.

Mrs. J. Skelly Wright
President
The National Association for Mental Health, Inc.
Arlington, Virginia

Correction: Photograph of milliner's siesta on page 47 in the October 23 issue was taken by Al Taylor.

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(Continued from page 10.)
of social action. Other academics believe that the rising citizens' movements for consumer and environmental protection will provide the momentum needed to galvanize the scientific disciplines. Scientific "whistle blowing"—such as the recent warning by Dr. Hiroshi Hirata, of Tokyo University, that government-set limits on the cadmium content of rice are so high they could cause kidney ailments—is now becoming respectable. Development of pollution-control technologies is accelerating. Examples include Honda's stratified-charge automobile engine, which reduces emissions, and a method developed by the Tohoku Technological Research Institute in Sendai for extracting poisonous metals from water.

At the grass roots, the Japanese are mobilizing to defend their own interests. Mrs. Shoko Mukai, an official of the Japanese equivalent of the League of Women Voters in Tokyo, proudly showed me the booklet her group had produced for housewives on the dangers of additives in foods and pesticides. She said that some business and government leaders suspect that the fuss about pollution is a Communist plot (the Communist party picked up thirty seats in the Japanese Diet in the last election). "But if there is cadmium in our rice, how can that be a Communist plot?" asks Mrs. Mukai. Back in the mid-Sixties, citizens' groups waged a successful campaign to prevent the building of a petrochemical plant in a scenic area near Mount Fuji. Marshaling scientific expertise in chemistry, biology, and meteorology, they researched and produced their own report on the social effects they believed were not adequately considered by the company and the local prefectural government. They organized tours to nearby Yokkaichi to show their Mount Fuji neighbors the air pollution caused by similar petrochemical operations. And, long before such strategies were contemplated by U.S. environmentalists, residents of Yokohama effectively intervened in the siting of a new power plant, extracting a memorandum of understanding from the Tokyo Electric Company and the city government of Yokohama; the agreement, posted in the municipal building, specifies the permissible sulphur content of the plant's fuel and the environmental safeguards to be met.

On the consumer front, newly sophisticated housewives' groups such as Shufuren and Chifuren, suspicious of the oligopolistic practices of some of the large trading companies, are planning boycotts of fabrics. Two years ago they successfully boycotted TV sets, forcing prices down some 15 percent. Like their counterparts in the United States, these citizens' organizations have learned the value of the dissemination of information—and the problem of its distortion by advertising-supported commercial mass media. The result has been the swift growth of an underground press (called *mini-commi* by the Japanese) that reflects the grass-roots concerns of activists.

Japanese businessmen, too, are realizing the complex interdependencies of industrial urban societies. On the whole, the businessman here seems more secure in his social position than does his American counterpart. The interlocking relationships between Japanese big business and government are openly acknowledged, and they have some advantages over the more covert relationships in the United States. Such a cozy, almost feudal system engenders an accompanying spirit of *noblesse oblige*. Whereas U.S. corporate managers are still agonizing over what constitutes "corporate responsibility," their Japanese counterparts effortlessly assume womb-to-tomb responsibilities for their workers' job security, health, and general welfare. This may make them philosophically readier to deal with unanticipated side effects of their operations and may put their honor and social prestige more firmly on the line when it comes to making amends.

The Chubu Economic Federation in Nagoya, which includes among its members the chief officers of such giant corporations as Toyota Motors and NKG Insulators, is planning to build an environmental research center in central Japan. The Japan Center for Area Development Research, one of Tokyo's most noted "think tanks," last year conducted an international symposium calling for intellectual initiatives on the part of business, government, and the academic world. The work of nine competing planning teams and their "alternative futures" scenarios for Japan were compared and then integrated with the insights of experts from many other countries invited to critique the plans. Similarly, while it has taken the pressure of outsiders and militant stockholders to interest U.S. companies in conducting "social audits" of their activities, Japanese companies and trade groups are undertaking their own audits, even sending teams to interview U.S. scholars working in this new field.

There is significant activity at the government level also. Japanese control standards for pollution are in some cases twice as high as those in the United States. Dr. Moshio Hashimoto, of the National Environmental Protection Agency in Tokyo, points out: "This is necessary because we have such tremendous population densities in our most heavily industrialized region, from Osaka to Tokyo." Dr. Hashimoto is now drafting a bill that will compensate Japanese citizens for injuries and ill-health brought on by pollution.

In Japan today there is skepticism about the role of technology—and a willingness to learn from the American experience. For example, many Japanese feel embarrassed about their paucity of flush toilets and chemical sewage-treatment facilities. But before they commit a huge capital investment to water treatment, they can evaluate the new debate in the United States over the advisability of one-dimensional chemical treatment systems. This may enable the Japanese to build on the best insights of their own past: that waste nutrients are needed and belong in the soil—not in the water, where they are nothing but detrimental. In like manner, they can now capitalize on our research in biological, rather than chemical, pest controls or maybe even retain the streetcars of Kyōto, Fukuoka, and other cities to stem the proliferation of automobiles—already some eight times more numerous per hectare of level land than in the United States.

Most encouraging of all is the move among Japanese economists to reassess economic theory in light of our new understanding of environmental constraints. By contrast, American econo-

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 62): sloop, spool, loops, pools.

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 38

(KHUSHWANT) SINGH:
WAITING FOR THE MONSOON

The sun goes on, day after day, from east to west, scorching relentlessly. The earth cracks and deep fissures open their gaping mouths asking for water, but there is no water—only the shimmering haze at noon making mirage lakes of quicksilver.
From *The New York Times Magazine*, August 26, 1973.

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mists have felt too inhibited to step outside the politically safe bounds of market economics, for fear of being branded as radicals or Marxists; they have thereby been denied firm intellectual terrain from which to examine critically the U.S. market economy.

One of Japan's leading economists, Professor Shigeto Tsuru, president of Tokyo's Hitotsubashi University, explained to me the newly devised macroeconomic indicators that will soon replace the standard gross national product (GNP) formula in Japan. Called net national welfare (NNW), the new indicators will deduct from the GNP figures several categories of social costs —auto accidents, traffic congestion, pollution, run-down public facilities, and the like—so that Japan will have a clearer picture of whether its economy is improving the quality of Japanese life. In the United States such new economic concepts are still germinating in the halls of academia and have not yet entered the realm of serious political debate.

Lastly, Japanese cultural traditions, with their concepts of responsibility and familial respect, will continue to generate social innovations. Their traditional *ringi* method of reaching decisions—which proscribes action until all affected groups have been consulted—could well be made to include increased participation of wider circles of citizens. This might provide government and industry with more up-to-date indicators of the rapidly changing goals and values of the Japanese people, and might result, in turn, in more efficient allocation of capital and scarce resources. In addition, Japan will continue to have an important pragmatic advantage in its posture of non-militarism, which has kept military expenditures at about 1 percent of its GNP. This will continue to release resources for social investment and innovation—while the U.S. economy is still shackled with massive military budgets. Another trait that may have considerable survival value is the Japanese appreciation of restraint, subtlety, and miniaturization. As Buckminster Fuller has been telling us for years, "Less is more," and it is in the technology of doing more with fewer resources and less energy that the path to environmental and social harmony lies. Maybe someday, if Japan solves its problems of rapid growth, the Japanese will be teaching Americans a vital lesson—that more and bigger are not necessarily brighter and better.

HAZEL HENDERSON

Your gift can go a long way this Christmas.

On the back roads of Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the deep South, there are still many thousands of families facing slow starvation. Right now. Right here in the U.S.A.

Their diets are so inadequate that hunger and malnutrition have become part of their lives. Many children of tenant farmers and seasonal workers have actually never known what it is like *not* to be hungry.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan, $1 buys as much as $40 or more in Food Stamps. Thus your $10—an amount that buys "just another Christmas gift" for more fortunate kids—can mean $400 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you. And may your Christmas dinner be a little more enjoyable this year.

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Light Refractions

Humpty Dumpty May Be Right

"When *I* use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

You go to Truthful Teddy, your local automobile dealer, and he sells you a brand-new El Polluto and tells you it's fully guaranteed. All his newspaper and television ads back up his claim that the El Polluto is fully guaranteed, and you believe it really *is* fully guaranteed—until the clutch dissolves into iron filings and you find that the clutch isn't included in the guarantee. Truthful Teddy wasn't lying. It's just that his fraternity decided long ago that "fully guaranteed" doesn't include the clutch or anything else that might be expected to wear out. He's playing by a set of rules you might not have known about.

Sometimes honesty has a nasty way of being relative. We've seen more instances of that in recent months than we should have.

Jeb Magruder implied that the subversion of the American political structure by stealth is okay because his former professor of ethics practiced civil disobedience in opposition to the Vietnam war. A lot of us shook our heads in stunned bewilderment at this, but Magruder evidently had a set of rules we didn't know about.

IT'S POSSIBLE that Spiro Agnew wasn't lying when he denied any wrongdoing. Not lying consciously, that is. After his resignation, a slew of stories came out about how corruption is the rule in Maryland politics. We're led to believe that a man has to be a crook just to stay in the game in Maryland. Whether you and I believe that or not—in fact, whether it's true or not—makes little difference to the man in Maryland politics who believes it's true.

When the President lied about the bombing of Cambodia, I can't believe he was aware that he was being a liar. He just shifted effortlessly from "What the children don't know won't hurt them" to "I want to make the children proud of me; so I'll tell them what they want to hear."

The bombers knew all about the bombing, and the bombees were painfully aware of it; but there was no point in telling the children.

John Ehrlichman thought covert invasions of privacy were perfectly honest if they brought to light the peccadilloes of any senators disloyal to the regime.

So dishonesty is justified, and dishonest men deem themselves honest.

The grave danger today lies in the self-perpetuating and self-fulfilling nature of the phrase "everyone does it," which is gaining wider and wider acceptance.

"Everyone cheats on his income tax." If you believe that (and who doesn't?), you almost have to buy the corollary: If you don't cheat on your income tax, you're not doing what is expected of you. (Of course, if you're rich enough to buy the kind of laws that free you from the obligation to pay taxes, you don't have to cheat.)

After Mr. Agnew resigned from the vice-presidency, the television channels were filled with man-in-the-street interviews. Some of the responses seemed foolish, some sensible, and a few were frighteningly cynical. To me, the most chilling comment was from a woman who felt Agnew hadn't done anything at all unusual. She added with certainty that Abraham Lincoln had done the same thing. He just hadn't got caught.

"Merlin, I need ten dirty tricks by sunset."

NATURALLY, whether Agnew is guilty or innocent of the charges against him is important. But his guilt or innocence is beside the point if the argument in his favor is that Honest Abe was a superior man only in that he wasn't found out.

According to a recent Gallup Poll, the American people are plunging headlong toward increasing disillusionment about decency in politics, business, unions, and the media. This wouldn't be so alarming, except that I think there's an attitude of "that's how it is, that's how it's always been, and that's how it will always be."

When healthy skepticism becomes wholesale cynicism, honesty becomes increasingly relative. We'd better get a lot more meticulous about principle, I think. As Humpty Dumpty said, "The question is which is to be master—that's all."

THOMAS H. MIDDLETON

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Double-Crostic No. 39

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 C	2 Y		3 X		4 A	5 X	6 P		7 Z	8 N		9 O	10 J	11 F	12 R	13 K	14 Z¹	15 V
	16 Y	17 L		18 B	19 Y		20 G	21 Z	22 J	23 R	24 Q		25 H	26 X	27 D	28 A	29 B	30 L
	31 R	32 Z²	33 C	34 P	35 G	36 V	37 X	38 I	39 F	40 D	41 N	42 A		43 M	44 Z¹	45 P		46 A
47 O	48 L	49 Z	50 Y		51 P	52 R	53 X	54 E	55 G	56 D		57 Z²	58 S	59 I	60 K	61 N		62 Z²
63 A	64 F	65 V	66 O		67 B	68 M	69 Q	70 E	71 Z		72 A	73 N	74 F	75 Z	76 S		77 W	78 V
79 X	80 T	81 Y	82 Z¹	83 K		84 A	85 B	86 U	87 H	88 W	89 E		90 L	91 T	92 I	93 U	94 Q	95 M
96 R		97 X	98 A		99 X	100 P	101 S		102 C	103 S	104 E	105 K	106 A		107 Y	108 D		109 H
110 G	111 L	112 W	113 J	114 Y	115 V	116 Q	117 B	118 O	119 M		120 Z²	121 E	122 Y		123 T	124 M	125 K	126 S
127 I	128 Z	129 O	130 R	131 Z¹	132 W	133 D	134 P	135 U		136 O	137 M	138 G		139 A	140 Z²	141 E	142 H	143 N
	144 B	145 T	146 L	147 O	148 D		149 F	150 N	151 Z¹	152 S	153 O	154 R		155 G	156 X	157 U		158 D
159 U	160 I	161 H	162 X	163 Z¹		164 C	165 E	166 X		167 A	168 J	169 Z²		170 T	171 L	172 Y	173 I	
174 M	175 Z¹		176 B	177 S	178 N	179 W	180 R		181 H	182 T	183 U		184 Z	185 I	186 D	187 P	188 K	189 A
190 N	191 H		192 C	193 T	194 P	195 Z¹	196 X	197 M		198 D	199 P	200 S	201 X	202 Z¹	203 I		204 F	205 T
206 V	207 A	208 B		209 A	210 X	211 U	212 P	213 I	214 B		215 Y	216 W	217 I		218 M	219 C		220 Z¹
221 I	222 C	223 N	224 F	225 L	226 O	227 H	228 T											

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the words correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the words you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what word a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each word, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from words to diagram and from diagram to words, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. "Maiden, and mistress of the _____" Swinburne, "Atalanta in Calydon" (3 wds.)	4 28 42 46 63 72 84 98 106 / 139 167 189 207 209
B. Laid on, imposed (anything unwelcome)	18 29 67 85 117 144 176 208 214
C. E. W. Hornung's best-known hero	222 1 102 164 192 219 33
D. Physical weakness or ailment	40 56 108 133 148 158 186 198 27
E. The Merchant of Venice	54 70 89 104 121 141 165
F. Expressions of guiding principles	204 224 11 39 64 74 149
G. What WORD H's occupants were	155 20 35 55 110 138
H. 1943 Hitchcock film	142 161 181 227 25 87 109 191
I. Rocket, Stourbridge Lion, and Tom Thumb, for instance	213 221 38 92 127 185 217 59 160 173 203
J. Engrave	10 22 113 168
K. "England expects that every man will do his duty," he said	188 13 60 83 105 125
L. Overcame	30 48 111 146 171 225 17 90
M. Follower of Antony (*Antony and Cleopatra*)	95 119 174 43 68 124 218 137 197
N. Succeeding	8 41 61 143 178 73 150 190 223

CLUES	WORDS
O. Sharp, smart, all there (3 wds.)	118 129 226 47 66 136 147 9 153
P. Quick outline or review (comp.)	194 212 6 45 100 51 134 34 187 199
Q. Force, power	24 69 94 116
R. Moved unsteadily	130 154 180 12 23 31 52 96
S. *Portable cooking appliance* (2 wds.)	177 200 58 152 103 126 76 101
T. Friml-Hooker song from *The Vagabond King* (3 wds.)	205 228 145 193 80 91 123 170 182
U. Kill or destroy rapidly and indiscriminately (2 wds.)	86 159 183 157 211 93 135
V. Classify	115 15 65 206 36 78
W. *Ancient Thracian town on* the Hellespont opposite Abydos	77 112 179 132 216 88
X. Commercial vessels of a nation (2 wds.)	201 37 79 196 210 3 156 99 53 5 / 166 97 162 26
Y. En route to defeat, failure, destruction, etc. (3 wds.)	107 215 114 16 50 2 172 81 122 19
Z. Work	7 184 75 49 21 71 128
Z¹. Tatterdemalion	14 202 163 131 151 44 175 220 195 82
Z². Period or condition of life	32 57 62 120 140 169

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 38* appears on page 68.

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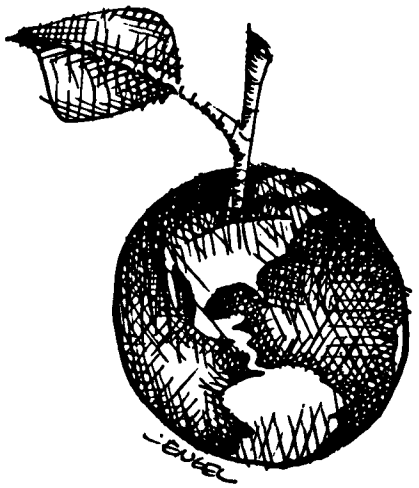

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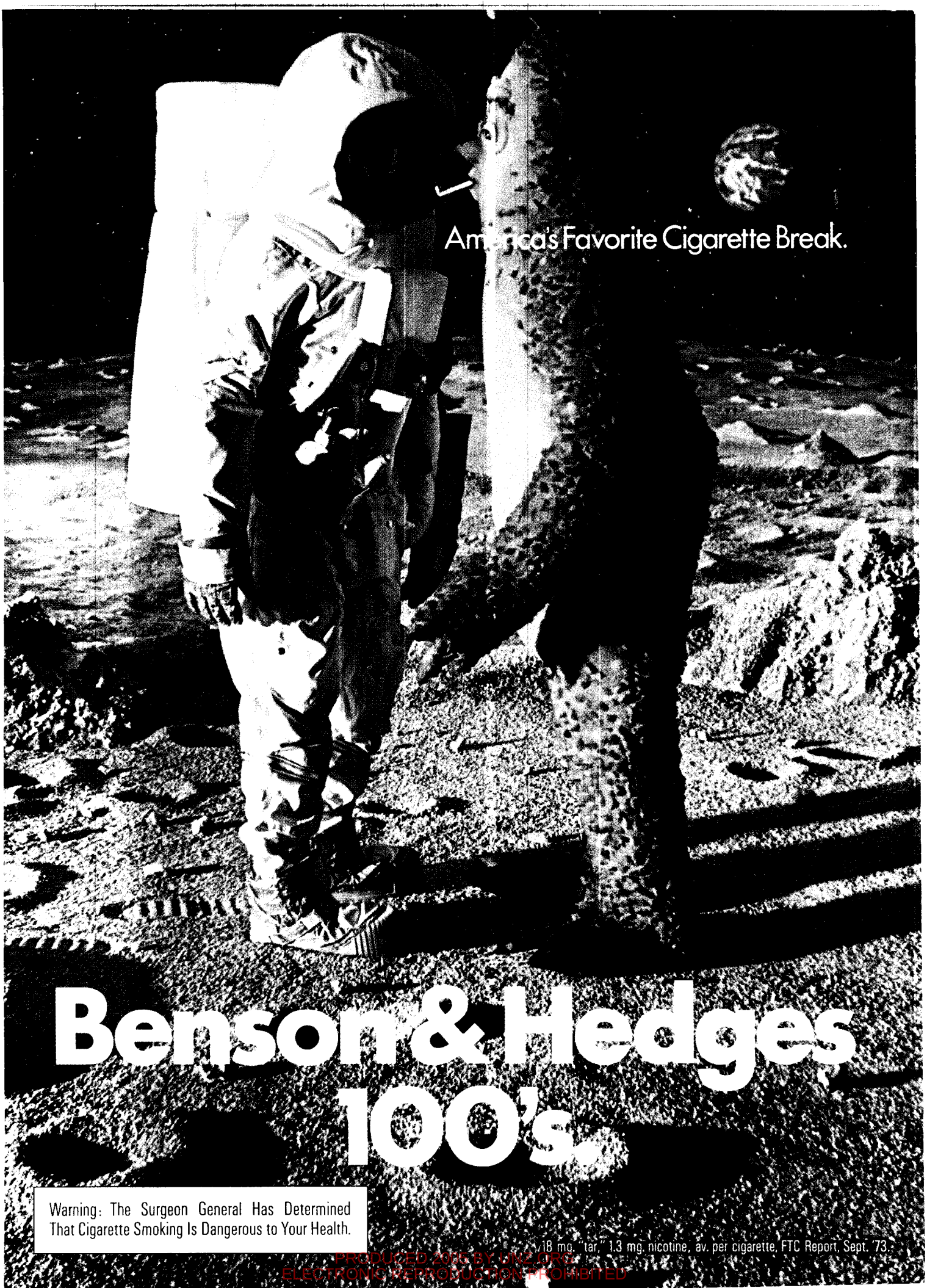
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Growing demand has forced us to increase our distillery staff from three men to four.

Despite the seeming tongue-in-cheek quality of this announcement, we assure you it is serious. The arithmetic of distilling whisky is different from the arithmetic of drinking it, so the amount four men can produce is considerably greater than the quantity a similar number could consume.

The distillery we refer to is called Edradour and it happens to be the only one owned by William Whiteley & Company. So, while it is Scotland's smallest, it is, at the same time, our largest. As a man need only be tall enough to enable his feet to reach the ground, a distillery need only be big enough to produce good whisky.

In the case of Edradour, the whisky is so good that many of our contemporaries in the scotch business would like us to trade some of ours for some of theirs. However, we ourselves use every drop. At the moment, we have barely enough, so no one blames us for refusing to share it. Should our hopes of success in the American market be realized, our current output will, in fact, be hardly sufficient. Our purpose in adding a fourth man was to meet that eventuality. (The additional whisky won't be usable for twelve years, so you have plenty of time to make up your minds about us.)

Quaint as it may sound that we have so few workers in our distillery, Whiteley is not exactly a "cottage industry". Our blending, warehousing, and bottling facilities in Glasgow boast several hundred gainfully employed. That hardly makes us huge, but it is nothing to sneeze at.

The decision not to trade the Edradour was laid down generations ago by Mr. William himself. Having decided to create the world's most expensive whisky, he hoarded every cask and made it the basis of a blend named, with some justice, King's Ransom.

King's Ransom still derives its unique character from the Edradour malt and every drop is still twelve years old. A couple of things have changed, however. There are now a few other whiskies whose prices are equally intimidating. And there is now one other scotch which contains Edradour. Our eight-year-old, House of Lords. The price, as befitting a whisky named after a deliberative body, is considerably more democratic.

Greed compels us to admit that we'd prefer you to drink King's Ransom. Honesty compels us to admit that except for weekends and holidays, we ourselves favor House of Lords.

It isn't that we're cheap, it's just that good bookkeeping demands we pay, or at least debit the ledgers, for whatever we take home as samples.

William Whiteley & Co

Qui Uti Scit Ei Bona

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